Vol. CXXVII. No. 1657.

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THE BYSTANDER, SEPTEMBER 18, 1935.

The BYSTANDER

SPORT GOSSIP · STAGE GOLF · SOCIETY FILMS · RACING FASHIONS

1/=

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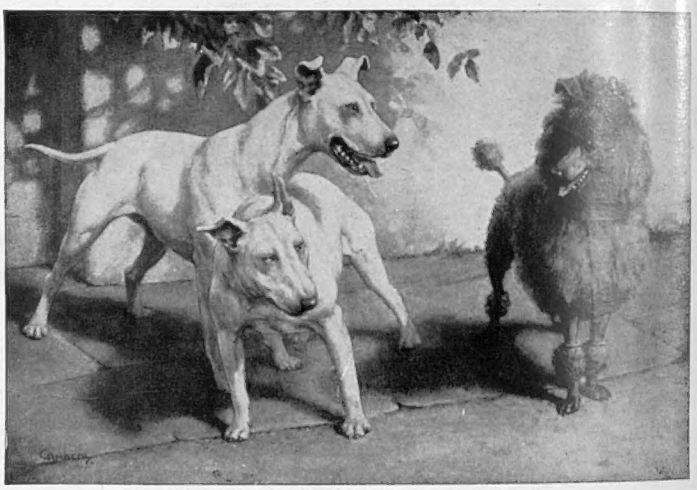

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The Bystander, September 18, 1935

No. 1657. Vol. CXXVII.

The BYSTANDER

Yevonde

THE VISCOUNTESS TIVERTON

A new portrait of a very good-looking young-married—Lady Tiverton, who has been the wife of the Earl and Countess of Halsbury's only son since 1930. She was Ismay Crichton-Stuart, and is the daughter of the late Lt.-Col. Lord Ninian Crichton-Stuart, and Mrs. Archibald Maule Ramsay, and a cousin of Lord Bute. She is twenty-six, a year younger than her husband, lives in Chelsea, has one son, Adam, who was born in June last year, and a younger sister, Claudia, who is still single, and extremely attractive

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 120

Mark Ostrer

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra

MARK OSTRER can block a punch better even than George Cook, and, indeed, he looks a heavy-weight, with his broad shoulders and thick torso. Nobody would guess at first sight that he is chairman of the biggest entertainment enterprise in the world—for that is what Gaumont British is, Hollywood not excepted. He is completely unassuming, always accessible and surrounded by a minimum of yes-men. Mark is utterly imperturbable. He says it is bad business to get ruffled. He talks in an even, pleasant voice, and has a most agreeable smile, surmounted by amused brown eyes. These are most desirable attributes in a man who directs the fortunes of nearly a hundred different companies.

In business hours he plays Hindenburg to the Ludendorff of his brother Isidore, whom he rightly regards as one of the most brilliant men of his generation. His one object is to make profits for the public whose money is entrusted to him. His favourite American film actresses are Garbo and Shearer. His favourite American film star is Clarke Gable. His favourite American film-and-stage star is Walter Huston. He believes that *The 39 Steps* is the best production so far of his various companies.

In private life he hates being a spectator. He would sooner play a round with a complete duffer than watch the most brilliant exhibition match between, say, Henry Cotton and Bobby Jones. If he ever succeeded in giving up business, he would devote his time equally between playing games and staying with children.

MARK OSTRER never backs a horse unless he is at the race-track. He has never played the Stock Exchange. But Le Touquet knows him as the most charming loser of any player at the big table. He admits he is a prize-fight fan, but repeats that if he can ever do anything, he would rather do it than watch it. He waits with anxiety for September 1st and oysters (ask Hutchy, at Scott's). He was always an admirer and friend of Edgar Wallace. His wife, the former Karen Petersen, is a first-nighter. So you will frequently see his quizzical eyebrows at a première. He lives in Portland Place, the former house of Lord Jellicoe. He has two sturdy sons, Geoffrey and Teddy. I am always ready to play him off his handicap of nine at golf. But he is a very sound bridge player, as the Portland knows. In conversation he usually leans slightly forward. In the week he never lunches with women if he can possibly avoid it. Speaking generally, he hates bullying, has a genius for strategic retreat pour mieux sauter, and is one of the kindliest executives in London.

Cannons of Hollywood

Helen Vinson

The Film Star Bride of the Lawn Tennis Champion

The vexed question of whether she would or wouldn't wed Fred Perry was settled once and for all when she and the lawn-tennis champion were married in Harrison, New York, at midnight last Thursday. Miss Vinson only recently returned to America from this country where she had been film-making; she was acting with Conrad Veidt in "King of the Damned," which we're likely to see at any time now. Perry misplaced a kidney while playing in the semi-final of the American championships, and lost in three straight sets to the eventual winner, Wilmer Allison—but may be tennis is of secondary importance at present

Lieut.-Commander and Mrs. Alan Campbell and their Daughter

Left: Lieut.-Com. Alan Campbell is a son of Bt. Colonel Ian Campbell of Airds, and a nephew of Vice-Admiral Gordon Campbell, V.C. He and his wife and their small daughter, Clara, were three of the vast number of Campbells at the Oban Gathering last week

Tartanic Scots

An Eye-full of Colour from the Argyllshire Gathering at Oban

Major Colin MacRae and Mr. Seton Gordon

Below: Lord and Lady Massereene and Ferrard are an Oban Gathering host and hostess; their place is Knock, on the Isle of Mull. Lady Massereene is a sister of Sir Thomas Ainsworth, of Ardanaiseig

Below centre: Sir Ian Malcolm of Poltalloch is with the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Murray. She was Faith Celli, and her husband is Lord Elibank's brother; they have a house near Oban

Right: Major Colin MacRae of Feoirlinn couldn't look more Highland than he does in his all-tartan style. His companion, Mr. Seton Gordon, was a steward and a judge of the pibroch competitions; he is an authority on piping as well as a naturalist, nature photographer, and an expert climber

Lord and Lady Massereene and Ferrard

Sir Ian Malcolm and Mrs. Arthur Murray

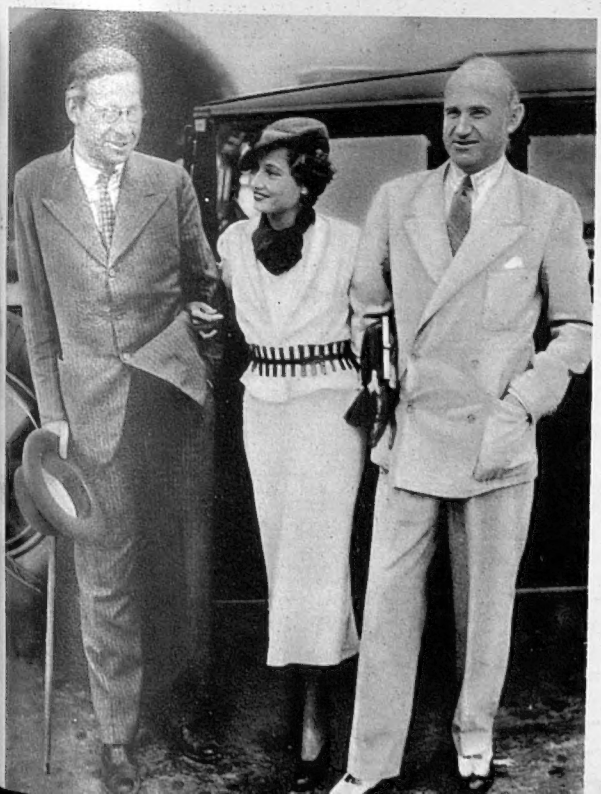
Below:
Miss Sheila Ogilvie and Mr. Ian Malcolm

Geoffrey Toye, Grace Moore, and Grace Moore's Husband

This snapshot was taken at Grace Moore's villa at Mougins, near Cannes, where she and her husband, Valentine Parera, spent part of their summer. They have now gone back to America, and Geoffrey Toye has come back to England to look after his Opera House and its autumn season

This Is Not So Local

Below:
Korda, Oberon and Goldwyn



Left: Alexander Korda had Merle Oberon and Samuel Goldwyn to meet him at the station when he arrived in Hollywood for the first time for eight years. He was a big man when he arrived but now he's been elected to the board of United Artists (Sam Goldwyn is there, too), he's become one of the great powers of the film world, in America as well as in England

Right: Tamara Toumanova, one of Colonel de Basil's ballerinas, has been staying at Brancaster in Norfolk for the month's holiday allowed to the company before they go off to America at the end of September for their season there

Toumanova in Norfolk

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

The "Bystander" in Society

Miss Esmé de Little and Lord Hindlip

Left: Miss Esmé de Little and Lord Hindlip were at the Café de Paris opening night last week when all the restaurant-minded Londoners turned up to see each others's faces again

New Food Combinations

THE HON. MAX AITKEN has been yachting in Devon and Cornwall since he left Cowes. His yacht Vivacity was anchored in Fowey Harbour last week, and we found him and Mr. Eddie Tatham at a "party" at the Ferry Inn, Bodinnick, one night.

The dinner menu was distinctly original: kippers, scrambled eggs, foie gras, and honey spread on ginger biscuits instead of a sweet was a riotous success. The du Mauriers have a charming house on the water's edge at Bodinnick, which is just opposite Fowey Harbour.

Run In or Try Out

AT the Riviera Club at Carlyon Bay we ran into Jane Carr, stage, screen, and cabaret star, in a duck-egg sports-and-shorts suit. She had gone all the way down there to try out or run in (whichever it is) her new car, and to see Penelope Dudley Ward.

Mrs. Michael Portman has been holidaying down there, too. She is the elder sister of Pat and Hilary Charles, and just as pretty in the same frail, pale way, with enormous dark eyes and a magnolia-like skin. She has two small children—a boy and a girl—and is a niece-in-law of Lord Portman, who owns such comforting bits of London, such as Portman Square, Montague Square, and, incidentally, the ground that Selfridge's stands on.

A Dreary Sole

STORIES of the agonising servant problem are no longer news, and we sympathised with an elderly woman friend of ours who uprooted herself out of the house she had lived in for years and years, and started a new life in a spick and span service flat. Well, the food question in service flats is stale news, too (news being not the only stale part of it), and when the waiter brought up a tray with a variety of dishes on it, our friend started bravely off with the fish. Finding it more than dull, she was relieved to see a "sauceboat" of pink sauce nearby and proceeded to pour it over the dreary sole, or whatever "poisson" on the menu meant, whereupon the waiter sprang from the corner of the room exclaiming "Madam, don't do that! That's your sweet, and it's raspberry fool!"

Esmé Percy and Oriel Ross

Next week Lady Poulett is making her first appearance as Oriel Ross since her wedding. It will be in "The Apple Cart," one of the Shaw plays the Macdona Players are giving at the Cambridge Theatre. Esmé Percy is playing lead there during the season

The Last Days of Summer

LONDON began to be very pleasant again last week. Birds being elusive, people returned from the North sooner than they meant to, and from the South because people there seem influenced by the herd instinct, and when one says "turn," they all turn, and leave.

The sight of the first broadtail or dyed ermine coat puts the seal on the last days of summer, and almost the first one we met concealed the slim form of Miss Jeanne Stuart, who was lunching

The Stricklands

Lady Marguerite Strickland and her husband were there, of course—that is, at the Café de Paris last Wednesday for its grand re-opening

Below: Lady Helena Fitzwilliam and Lord Radnor's youngest brother, the Hon. Peter Pleydell-Bouverie, had a serious score of words together at Doncaster about the St. Leger

Conference

at the Apéritif with Captain Jefferson Cohn. She is rehearsing for the new Walter Hackett play which opens later at the Apollo. The darkness of her eyes and fairness of her skin are the outstanding features of Jeanne Stuart's beauty.

A Noble Mascot

CAPTAIN JEFFERSON COHN is a remarkable man. He is thinner and looks much younger to-day than he did several years ago. He once showed us a mascot that he carries in his pocket by day and puts without fail under his pillow at night. It is a gold George IV. noble that has belonged to several well-known people, who, on parting with it, have met with all sorts of strange disasters. The late Woolf Joel (eldest son of the late Solly Joel) gave it to a woman friend just before he met his untimely death at sea. It had been given to him by Mrs. Violet Chown, at one time one of the richest women in London, but who lost every penny in one financial disaster after another. Just after it was given to him some years ago, Captain Cohn won a lawsuit, and one of the classic races in France, and therefore regards it with great superstitious affection to this day.

A Bored Debutante

SCURRYING through Leicester Square the other day we saw a tiny figure in a cloth of gold sari. It was Marcia de Silva, who belongs to a rich Ceylonese family with rail-road interests, and who came over here to be presented at Court several years ago. Bored with the usual social round of a debutante, she took up writing and published numerous topical articles, such as "The Derby Through Eastern Eyes," etc. Her literary energies are now directed towards scenario-writing, and she has had two films concerning Indian life accepted and awaiting production.

A Bun Behind a Screen

SOCIALITES and semi-socialites as "William Hickey" would call them, continue to sell hats and dresses with unabated zeal to their intimate friends. There is a hat shop in Davies Street where you cannot tell the saleswomen from the customers or t'other from which. Bridget Smith-Dorrien in a smart spotted two-piece, seemed to be selling hats. Rosemary O'Malley Keyes wandered in with a young man and said, "I may as well buy a hat."

Newly-married Celia Byass was adding a black halo to her still-new trousseau; Mrs. Sydney Vandenberg, glowing with accounts of what fun Cannes had been, seemed to have been lunching in the shop, a bun behind a screen and tea from downstairs, we suspect. It's all very mysterious, but by turning a shop into a sort of meeting-place and gossip club, a brisk trade seems to be assured.

An Unbeatable Expression

MISS CONNIE DAWES, of the freckles, outsize eyes, and outstanding chic, has become a mannequin at a shop in Bruton Street. Felicity Seddon, a very lovely and unusual-looking natural blonde, works there, too.

What has happened to the Countess Bosdari ("Babe," to her friends)? She was one of the best mannequins we've ever seen, her gracefulness and utter aloofness of expression being quite unbeatable.

An Unsophisticated Beauty

ONE of Mayfair's most absurdly young mothers, Mrs. John Goodenday, has just returned with her family from a cruise. A bad sailor and nervous of the sea from every angle, Mrs. Goodenday was dreading the expedition, but admitted having had a grand time when we saw her lunching at the San Marco.

An unsophisticated beauty, Mrs. Goodenday has curly brown hair, very blue eyes, and exquisite dimples. She is a great friend of Lady Sackville's, and had been dining at Knole the night before we met her, and in the new manner of summer entertaining, had stayed the night.

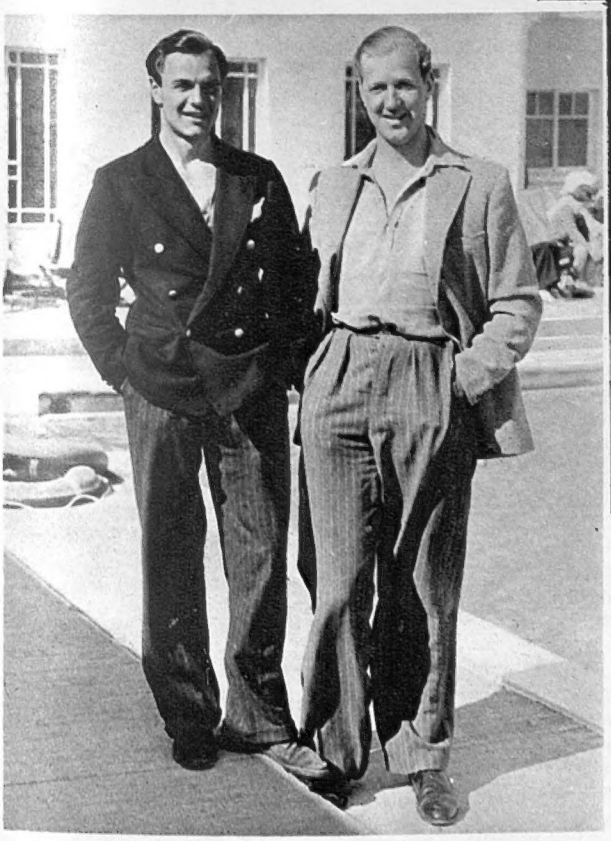
The present mania for a country house at a get-at-able distance from London, has led to much of this sort of hospitality. People who have not been able to fit in a week-end, pop down at five or six o'clock, play a round of golf, dine and sleep peacefully in the country, and return the next day all the better for the change.

A Girl Guide's Throw

Lady Sylvia Maitland cocoanut-shying at her brother, Lord Maitland's stall, at a fête held at Thirlestane Castle, the Lauderdales' place, in aid of the local Girl Guides and Brownies

Mrs. Michael Portman

Took on Gertrude Lawrence's cottage at Carlyon Bay, and there she was photographed. She was June Charles



Left: Lord Beaverbrook's elder son, the Hon. Max Aitken, and Mr. Eddie Tatham were doing a Cornish week-end in this snapshot, and were at the Riviera Club, at Carlyon Bay

Shrouded in Orchids

THE Café de Paris, redecorated and refurbished, re-opened on Wednesday night. Elizabeth Welch is the cabaret star there at the moment, and good enough to pack the "Café" for a long, long time. When we say "everyone" was there, we mean everyone in a still half-empty London.

A quartet of Pouletts were dining at one table with Mr. Tony Havelock-Allen

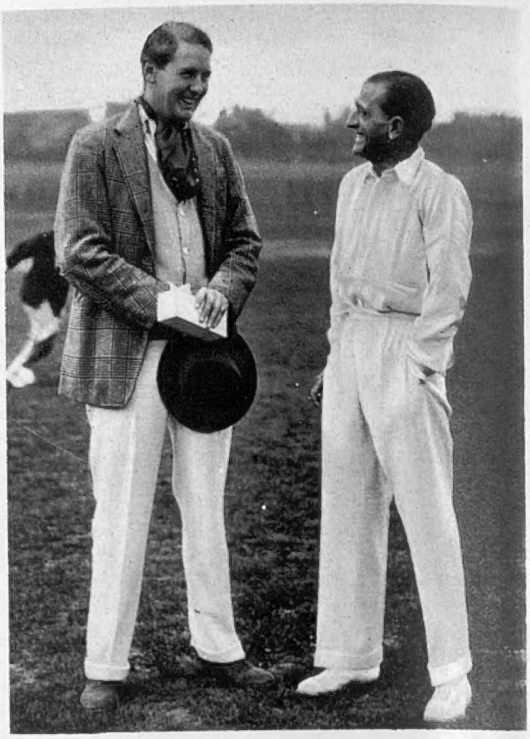
GOING OUT TO GOINGS - ON

(Continued)

At Doncaster for the St. Leger

Left: Miss Diana Bethell, Lord Lovat and Miss Diana Battye went up to Yorkshire to see Bahram win the St. Leger and his Triple Crown

Below: Lord and Lady Furness walking round together on the first day of the Doncaster meeting



Racing Cricketers

Lord Milton and Brownie Carslake waiting for the cricket match to start between Lord Milton's team of owners, trainers, and jockeys, and a Doncaster town eleven—one of the lighter events of a heavy week's racing

and Mr. Charles Birkin. Lady Bridget was in pale-blue satin, one shoulder shrouded in orchids. Perhaps the prettiest girl in the room was Anna Lee, platinum blonde film star, daughter of a parson, who arrived with Mr. John Hallett, but there was also a lovely, unknown brunette, supping with Lord Inverclyde. Mr. and Mrs. Whigham were there, and we were glad to hear that their lovely daughter and her husband are recovering from their recent illnesses. They are far too nice and much too young to deserve such bad luck in the health line.

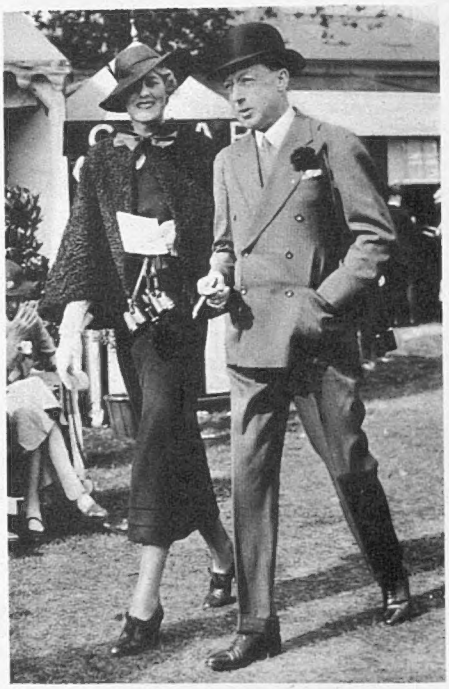
A Newly Installed Band

A COUPLE of grass widowers, Mr. Ralph Cobbold and Mr. Cosmo Crawley, who married Christie Miller sisters, were having an evening out, their wives being in Scotland, and Mrs. " Winkie " Portman in a black-and-white spotted dress, was dancing with Mr. Grosvenor. It was much too full to dance, anyway, which proves conclusively that everyone was there.

It was our one late night out, so we looked in at the Florida, also redecorated, with a lovely cobalt-blue ceiling, and stars in their correct positions—Little Bear, Big Bear, and so on. Through the gloom, that is an essential part of a successful " nighterie," minute table-lamps lit up the faces of Lords Hindlip and Petre, and Mr. Jocelyn Beauchamp. Mr. Toby Charlton was playing the drums in the recently installed Chappie D'Amarto's band.

Just the Usual Agony

SOMEONE said Frisco's was reopening that night, so off we went to Frith Street, where we found the Assheton-Smiths, Michael Renshaw, and Miss Oliviera, on the point of leaving, Lady Marguerite Strickland, in a zebra-striped lamé dress, and her husband, also Hugh Wade, who could not be induced to play. Mabel (Mercer), well known in London, Paris (" Brick Tops ") and New York, was



induced, and sang too divinely; and Jimmie Daniels, for whose rendering of " I Get a Kick " we say " thank you " from the bottom of our hearts. He runs the Bronze Studio Club in New York.

Some idiot said that a very little brandy in a lot of hot milk at five a.m. would mean a lot the next morning. We tried it, but opening an eye about four hours later was just the usual agony.

Most Beautiful Englishwoman

BIARRITZ is the one place we long to be in at the moment. September is by far the best month there, a fact appreciated by the French, Spanish, and Russians. Of all the Englishwomen there, we hear that Lady Moira Combe is by far the most beautiful. We would be inclined to agree about that wherever she happened to be, and have no hesitation in throwing bouquets at anyone so utterly unconscious of her own devastating attractions.

In an Easy Stride

IT is amazing how much we get up to in one evening. Thinking we were dead beat on Thursday, we thought out a quiet dinner and a cinema. After seeing the Grace Moore film at the Tivoli, would you believe it, we took the Savoy Grill, Café de Paris, 400, and the Shim Sham in an easy stride! Lady Cunard, in a sequin tunic, Sir Thomas Beecham in a beard, the Assheton-Smiths in a party, and Lady Mary Lygon engrossed in a tête-à-tête, we recollect at the first port of call.

A Pleated Silken Interior

VIEWED from the balcony of the Café de Paris, Elizabeth Welch again convinced us of her super talents. Lord Portal, we observed, was entertaining those lovely Miss Charles.

Perhaps we were too early for the dimness of the 400's pleated silken interior; but we espied Miss Frances Day, blonder than platinum, and Lady Doria Childe, back from much Continental travel.

A Miracle at the Piano

ABOUT 1.30 a.m. we got to the Shim Sham, and then the evening started. These nigger joints are so smart. Douglas Fairbanks, Lady Ashley, Sir Anthony Weldon, and others were there that night. Garland Wilson at the piano was a miracle, and a young lady called Gloria Kaye sang in what seemed to us a heaven-sent untaught voice, with a complete lack of self-consciousness. We'd like to give a party with just these two for a cabaret.

MISS PEEPS

The Gleneagles Hotel Lawn Tennis Tournament takes place next week, from September 23rd to 28th, and not last week, as was indicated in our recent " Scottish Calendar."

Peter North

ANNA STEN—STAR OF AN ENGLISH FILM

Anna Sten left Russia for Germany, took a promotion from Germany to Hollywood, exchanged Hollywood's dust and clangour for the ruralities of Elstree—and still she's just a peasant girl. That's on the screen of course; all this world travel has given her a different outlook in real life. Her new film is "A Woman Unknown," being made by a new production unit called Garrett, Klement. The scene is pre-War Russia, Anna Sten is a Russian peasant girl who has big emotional adventures, the story is by Fedor Otzep, and he and Dr. Eugene Frenke, Anna Sten's husband, will direct. Frenke is well known in Hollywood as producer and director; "Life Begins Again" was one of the films he made there

HE'S A PIRATE AND SHE'S JUST A "CHINA DOLL"

"China Seas" is built to the very pattern of Pacific melodrama, with pirates, junks, gold, bombs, typhoons, passionate love, heroic sacrifice and dire disgrace. Wallace Beery is the hard-bitten villain, MacArdle, "a rascally trader," and Jean Harlow is the satin-clad vamp-heroine, with the name of China Doll, a couple of men to try out her charms on, and even a socialite rival to put in her place. With Clark Gable as the brave sea-captain hero to complete the triangle, who asks more? It's grand low-brow entertainment, directed by Tay Garnett with a competence bordering on inspiration. Has been showing at the Empire since Friday. Beery, by the way, finished his English holiday last week

Clubs Without Quarters

No. 9. I Zingari

By Charles Graves

W. Finlay and Sir F. Lacey

George Kemp-Welch

Lord Apsley

BOTH the history and the working arrangements of the I Zingari are wropt in mystery. It is probably ıe most reserved of all the clubs without ıarters. There are a thousand members, ıd none of them is supposed to know ıcially the name of the secretary, though robably a number of them can guess the ntity of "A. Secret."

The founders of the I Zingari, which I ncy means The Gipsies in Spanish, were so ısy making history that they had little ne to record it. Its origin is this: in July 45, Messrs. Ponsonby, Ponsonby, Baldwin ıd Lang found themselves at supper at the lenheim Hotel, Bond Street. There and en they formed the Club, framed the rules, ıd informed Mr. W. Bolland that he was rpetual president, and twenty of their iends that they were members of the lub. They were all Cambridge under-raduates who spent their leisure time in cricket and theatricals, as a result of which many matches took place under various names, together with several private theatrical meetings, and finally the annual Canterbury Gatherings.

Lord Hailsham

THAT was the small beginning of a great club, the objects of which, in the first instance, were cricket and acting. The colours are black, red, and gold, meaning "Out of darkness through fire into light"—with the gold always on the top. The colours are worn by the members, their wives, daughters and sisters, but not by sibenes. This is a contraction for the Latin "si bene se gesserint." Those of you who can recall the classic tongue of Rome will realise that a sibene must be a provisional member who is elected if he behaves himself. In addition to this category, of whom twenty-two are elected each year, and the ordinary members, are the attachés. An attachéship of I Zingari is a compliment the club pays to those who have set an example of playing the game, not necessarily on the cricket field, in its true spirit. They include Lord Allenby, Sir James Barrie, Lord Hailsham, and Lord Lilford.

THE officers of the club include the Governor, First Wicket Down—this is Lord Dartmouth; the Chancellor, Lord Lewisham; the Liberal Legal Adviser, Sir F. E. Lacey; the Mutual Military Messman, who is Major Wynyard; the Chaplain, in this case Bishop Shaw; the Nominal Naval Navigator, Admiral Sir Hugh Watson; a Post-Prandial Precentor, Mr. R. H. K. Rumford; an Auditor; a Treasurer; a Secretary, and a Biennial Committee.

There are also two or three distinguished people on whom the Freedom of the I Zingari has been conferred. The only one granted since the war was to Mr. Stanley Baldwin, who, in writing his thanks, said: "I have been playing on a curious pitch against a variety of bowling, much of which consisted of no-balls, and I have tried to keep my temper and keep my wicket up, and in spite of noisy assertations to the contrary, I have tried to keep my promises."

THE officers of the Club meet once a year. It is they who decide on whom the distinction of being invited to be a sibene is to be conferred. There is no entrance fee. There is no annual subscription. Every member has the privilege of playing one match during the season when, upon his producing five names of members, in addition to his own, who are willing to take part in such a match, five other members are bound in honour to make up the team.

All directions connected with the game *may* be conveyed in the French or Italian language. No member on any occasion may play as an opponent to I Zingari unless the matches are against the Royal Navy, the Household Brigade, or any other military team, in which case members of I Zingari

(*Continued on page* vi)

Stanley Baldwin

Sir James Barrie

Lord Hawke

Fayer of Vienna, Dorland House

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM

Here is a new and interesting portrait of the most brilliant, vital figure in the English world of music: the conductor whose personality is as vivid and wit as keen as his musical genius is great. Next week Sir Thomas Beecham will be back at Covent Garden, as artistic director and conductor of a two weeks' Grand Opera Festival, when Delius's "Koanga" is included for the first time in an operatic repertoire. On October 17th, the Royal Philharmonic Society's series of symphony concerts starts at the Queen's Hall, with Beecham as chief conductor. And in the meantime, he has been making his début in the film-world, in the life-of-Mozart picture, "Whom the Gods Love"—and not without a typically Beecham dig or two at film studio methods

Standing By...

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

TRY as we will, we can't see much of a future for the "muscle aeroplane" which a Herr Dünnbeil—how oddly they spell it!—has been flying at Frankfort. It weighs 110 lb. and the motive-power is supplied during flight by briskly pedalling with the feet, as with the common or West Norwood bicycle; an agonising idea, fraught with such superhuman labour, such a painful and revolting expenditure of physical energy, that the mind jibs away from it like an educated circus horse at a meet of the Quorn. In brief, a loathsome idea whether you regard it Platonically or through a borrowed second-hand microscope. Only a German could think up an aero-masochist device like that.

We 've been following the exhibition tour of M. Mignet with his £70 Pou du Ciel with more than ordinary interest. Apart from establishing a turning-point in the history of flying, M. Mignet has given what amused foreigners call "la pudibonderie anglaise" a marvellous opportunity. The chaste *Express*, which has been running his show, simply couldn't bring itself from the first to translate "Pou du Ciel" as "Sky-Louse." It substituted "Flying Flea," the flea being the more refined parasite as everybody in these islands knows (in spite of Dr. Johnson's thundering dictum: "Sir, there is no settling the precedence between a flea and a louse!"). We had hoped Auntie *Times*, who has fewer suburban niff-nafferies, would take a stand against this silliness; but no, Auntie also jibs at mentioning the more vulgar insectry. Nay, the other day she frigidly put French coarseness right by setting her correction cheek by jowl with the offensive words, thus: "a Pou du Ciel ('Flying Flea') light aeroplane." Proh pudor! as the suffragan bishop said to the actress when she playfully bit all the buttons off his gaiters at the Fulham Palace garden-party.

Mind Your Eye

IF the interesting Social Credit or Douglas Plan experiment in Alberta succeeds, it might be as well to warn those who happen to come up against Social Credit devotees at London dinner-parties that Social Credit is not an economic theory but a new religion. We know, because a single light remark of ours the other evening brought on us the lightnings of fanatical eyes and an avalanche of opprobrium. We were all the more crestfallen because we had formerly discussed Social Credit thoroughly with that very charming intellectual, the late J. A. Orage. Orage had a sense of humour and proportion, which is more than can be said for some of Major Douglas's devotees, dervishes, mullahs, and muezzins.

The aim of the Social Credit movement being to whang the banks in the waistcoat with shattering force and dispossess them of their present dictatorship as owners of national credits, we can see some difficult situations arising in future for converts to Social Credit who habitually play golf with their bankers. This is what we were saying at dinner when two Social Credit fanatics, female, leaped on us and lashed us with scorn. We gather now that under Social Credit even nice bankers will slink about hooded and jangling a bell, crying: "Unclean! Unclean!"

Night-Piece

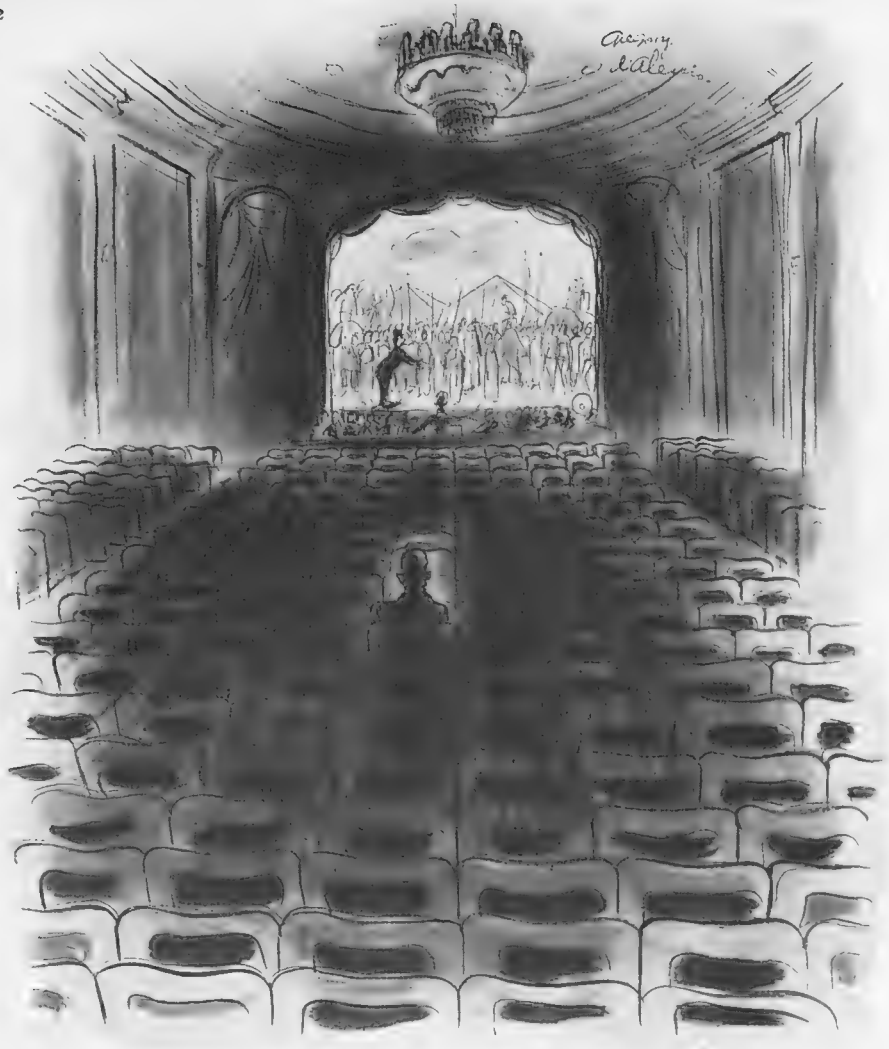
SICK to death as everybody is of the word "dramatic," we very nearly murmured it when we read that one of the fleet of Paris taxis in which Galliéni rushed his reserves from Paris to the Marne on the nights of September 6th-7th-8th, 1914, has been presented to an ex-soldiers' league in Oregon. A French Staff officer once described to us the sudden midnight apparition of this endless procession, cab after cab after cab, lightless, blinds drawn, each with its load of six silent, grim-faced infantrymen, the moon shining on the peaks of the taximen's caps. The whole impression was tremendous and ghostly. Thus was settled the issue of the key-battle which decided the war.

The only thing to compare with Galliéni's feat in dramatic—ouch!—intensity is the affair at Clapham Junction late in 1914, when all those troop-trains thundered through crammed with millions of gigantic Russian soldiers. (Or were they angels?) Nobody ever heard what happened to them, anyway. In our opinion they were Russian fairies who had heard in the Never-Never Land that Peter Pan was going to direct the entire war, and were dweffle keen on finding him and, having found him, on knocking his dear little curly block off.

Well-Swung Toe Department

CELEBRATING, for some reason unknown, the septcentenary of the marriage of Henry III of England to Eleanor of Provence in 1235—not 1236, as one of the dailies thought. Subtracting 700 from 1935 surely, surely, leaves 1235?—the inhabitants of Forcalquier in Provence danced the Farandole, a dance we are very fond of and have performed with great skill in Arles. Our

"What'll you take to shoot my brother-in-law?"



"But the show must go on or we'll have to refund his money"

performance of the Fandango (another good dance) in the square of St. Jean-de-Luz one Saturday night is still mentioned by the leading burgesses also. Neither dance is the wild dishevelled orgy you would gather from its name. On the contrary, grace tempered by decorum is the keynote of each, and each is danced in mass-formation.

The Farandole of Provence, the more spectacular, goes normally to the music of the long Provençal tabor and the ancient three-holed fife. The dancers advance cotillon-wise in column of route, their skips and jumps are rhythmic and modulated, their expression is for the most part grave, and the colourful procession, winding in and out, is brought up by the tambourinaire. We give you these details because if somebody at a Primrose League or Rotary or Temperance meeting suddenly exclaimed: "Come, let us dance the Farandole!", you'd look pretty silly if you suddenly tore your clothes off with a yell and began the Danse du Ventre. If it comes to that, you probably look pretty silly anyway. However, there's no need to aggravate it by committing a grave solecism.

What About It?

THE fact that Mr. Sanatorium Reid, the 15-stone Maori half-back (or is it three-quarter?) of the 1935 All-Blacks, is also a musician and a Mormon seems to us to give the Rugby situation this winter just that final appetising touch, like the dash of absinthe in a Martini. It's a superb name to stick over a newspaper article as well. Lord Northcliffe would have approved it highly. He believed in hitting the public right between the eyes with a name it can't easily stand up to. Many people still think he was the inventor of that charming essayist Twells Brex, but he wasn't. Brex was born that way. Nor did Northcliffe invent F. W. Memory.

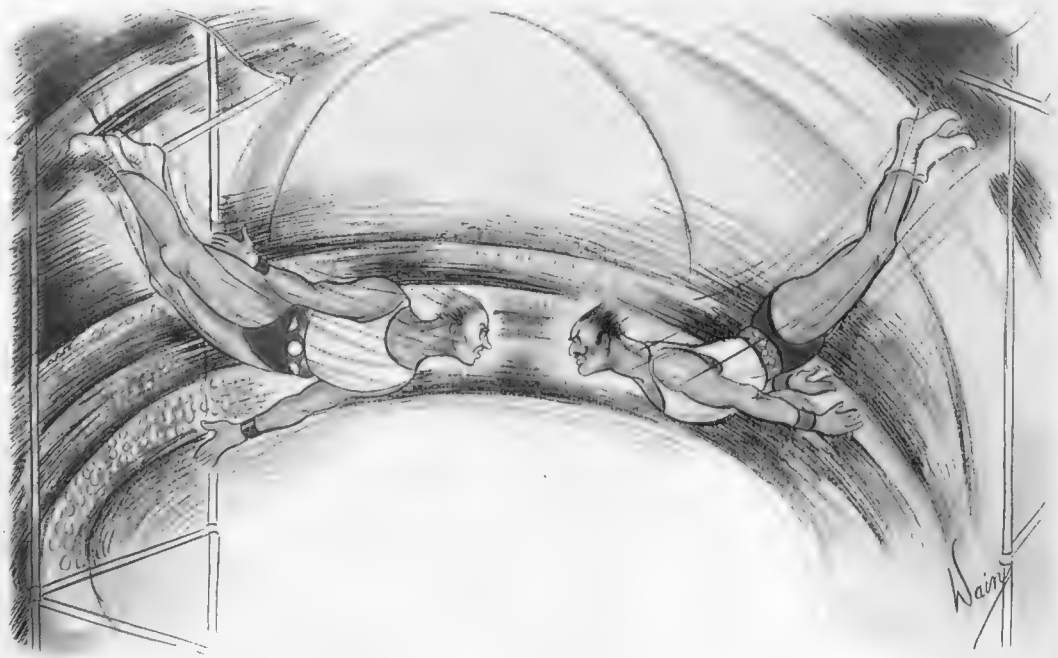
If somebody in Fleet Street doesn't collar our Maori guest at once for a series of "specials," we shall be disappointed in Fleet Street. Judge the effect for yourselves. Bold type, top of the column:

"Should Mothers Play Rugger?" by Sanatorium Reid.
"Home-Girls Who Dope," by Sanatorium Reid.
"Is War Wrong?" by Sanatorium Reid.
"Round Castlerosse on a Bicycle," by Sanatorium Reid.
"Love—and What Then?" by Sanatorium Reid.

Another idea—why not sack the "well-known Harley Street Doctor" and give the health-and-diet job to Mr. Reid while he's here? "Are You Flushing Your Ganglions?' by Sanatorium Reid (the Well-Known Gangliologist)"—it sounds the hot goods to us.

Afterthought

WHICH reminds us that young aspirants to success in journalism frequently beg us to suggest pen-names which will impress an editor at sight and free him henceforth from the necessity of reading their stuff. These names are good for all general purposes: Humphrey Goulash, Gollaby Purge, Frank Lee Boyling, Rollo Belliband, Burpington Huff. For the heart-to-heart type of woman's article these are slightly better, whatever the author's sex: Myra Soothbury, Millicent Yearne, Ella B. Wimple, and the Hon. Mrs. Henry Turpitude. For really big, heavy, agressive ethico-didactic stuff, we have



"Are you catching me—or am I catching you?"

always admired the thunderous name of MULCIBER POCALYPSE, first used by a nursery-governess named Dulcie Ogle, and abandoned by her on joining the *Spectator* because it frightened their clergymen readers. This ideal name is now in the market once more.

Oh, Hurried, Sir!

THE Great Western centenary the other day brought out one fact very clearly—namely, that the railway companies nearly burst themselves to please one person alone, the business man. For him and him only railway speed-records keep rising. To enable the business man to save another five minutes between Paddington and Bristol, or Manchester and Euston, gigantic co-ordinated forces sweat and slave like—like slaves, from gilded managing directors to mop-brandishing charwomen. And for Heaven's sake, why? What 's the idea of helping the business man to save more and more time, anyway? Time for what? You can't answer it.

Nor can the business man. We 've asked dozens of him what he finally does with the extra minutes saved for him at such vast expenditure of brains, money, and manual labour. He can't answer. His strong red face, bearing all the stigmata of habitual self-indulgence and the fatal indications of high blood-pressure, becomes a goggling mask. He is dumb. Some people have guessed, however. We 're too shy to print it here, but if you turn up Somerset Maugham's *Cakes and Ale* (if we remember rightly), you 'll find Maugham's idea of what all this insane rush and fuss and tearing and speeding up gives the business man more time for. It 's a four-syllable English word derived from the Latin and beginning with "f," it rhymes with "allocation," "adjudication" and other business words.

"Yes, I like the mat, but the welcome's much too hearty"

Pretty Revoltin', What?

CONVERSATION overheard in first-class smoker in the Shires the other day. Corners occupied by two obvious huntin' girls, tweedy, weatherbeaten, mature, and formidable. After a long silence, each immersed in her *Morning Post*:

First Huntin' Girl (clears throat loudly): "I see Jean 's gone to America."

Second H.G.: "Serve her damn well right." (Silence resumed.)

Is It Cricket?

SWIVELLING an indulgent old eye on the rustic Shakespeare enthusiasts who recently gave *The Merry Wives of Windsor* in a Herefordshire village, we wondered nevertheless whether the rectory lawn, where the play was done, was the ideal setting for that jolly Renaissance farrago with its artless cuckoldry motif. Did Mr. Page—or is it Mr. Ford?—really assure the amorous Falstaff, amid those smooth and decorous surroundings, that "you to-night shall lie with Mistress Page," and did Falstaff's soliloquy before the assignation in Windsor Park ("Send me a cool rut-time, Jove!") really impinge on the polite ears of the Rector and churchwardens, not to speak of Miss Bashforth, of Red Gables, Mrs. Timpany-Smythe, Major Timpany-Smythe, and old Lady Rampole who was so tiresome about the memorial window of Admiral Binge? If so, it seems odd to us who once sat through a charity dance-matinée on a vicarage lawn. The dancers were very earnest and "advanced" devotees of ballet and mime, but the Vicar was on the alert, and was standing no nonsense. One of the results was that we witnessed, for the first and last time in our lives, a couple of representative Low Anglican satyrs chasing to and fro across the lawn, with refined leaps, a nymph so English and so thoroughly dressed that she might have paid an afternoon call at any moment without exciting comment. She had practically everything on but a picture hat. "C'est beau," murmured an aged foreign professor there present, gravely, "c'est magnifique, c'est formidable, c'est la Grèce avec tous ses parfums." But we think he was jesting, in his evil foreign way.

THE BYSTANDERS

PEN-PUSHERS

No. 48.—Hugh Walpole

No light and care-free ribaldry
Shall desecrate each solemn line
Of this respectful ode of mine,
For he of whom I sing must be
Discussed with due solemnity
Since puns or would-be witty twist
Aren't fit for Elder Novelist
Hugh Walpole and his coterie.

From time to time we poke mild fun
At women fair and gallant men
Who earn a living by their pen,
But, dash it, when all 's said and done,
Our Hugh is certainly not one
Whose leg it 's meet and right to pull
For he is Herriesistible
(And please forgive the roguish pun).

So, songs of praise we 'll raise anew
To Mr. Walpole, who is the
Pride of the Book Society
And numbers fans more than a few
Who vow that it is very true
His yarns are anything but flat
Or unoriginal—and *that*
Is why they boast a verdant Hugh!

B. W.

Second Thoughts on First Nights

The Age Limit

"Accent on Youth" (Globe)

IT is pleasant to be able to welcome newcomers to the West End, and if *Accent on Youth* is a fair sample of the sort of play which Messrs. Hale and Gosling intend to give us, it is a management that should prove very popular. Not that the play by Samson Raphaelson is in itself a masterpiece, but there is something delightfully fresh and ingenious in his treatment of a theme not exactly fresh in itself, because, although an American, he has culled from English verse one of our ripest and most time-honoured chestnuts, "May and December."

His hero, Steven Gaye (Nicholas Hannen), has reached what is evidently to the author (is he, perchance, *very* young?) the appalling age of fifty-three, and the unfortunate man, in spite of his accumulation of years, does not appear to have learnt how to live coherently at all. Several times during the course of the play, breathless moments arrive when we feel "Well, now he is going to get on with it," but on each occasion, instead of being able to play his own part in his own life, he pulls up short, calls for his secretary, and proceeds to dramatise the situation for some other fellow.

It seems hardly credible that a man so infirm of purpose can really be the highly successful author of umpteen popular comedies.

We meet him in the throes of making final arrangements for the production of his first tragedy, concerning an old, old man (of sixty!) who is in love with his typist. He suddenly decides to scrap it all and go to Finland to "wallow naked in snow" with a former love, Genevieve Lang (Mary Glynne). However, when, preparatory to leaving, he dismisses his indefatigable secretary Linda Brown (Greer Garson), she makes such violent love to him that his plans are once again changed, and poor Genevieve is given the air. He sees the opportunity for a marvellous twist to his play in reversing the parts, and the unfortunate Linda is forced to make shorthand notes of her own impassioned words to him. By the way, do many authors indulge in such passionate punctuation as Steven? And so he goes on, from one situation to another, always dramatising his life, sometimes in a strangely altruistic manner.

Indian wrestling in Manhattan: Mr. Galloway (Ernest Lawford) and good old Flogdell (Archibald Batty) come to grips

NICHOLAS HANNEN plays the part with the most charming conviction that everyone will understand perfectly how he feels, and that the way he behaves is the only possible way for a conscientious playwright to behave. He has a very pernicious influence on his secretary, whom we took to be a young woman of some determination and character, for, after a few months, she seems to lapse into the same delightful uncertainty as to who it is she really loves, and the theme of the play becomes about as straight as a corkscrew, with one amusing twist following another. Steven Gaye is blessed with the most plastic of butlers, Flogdell, (delightfully played by Archibald Batty), who out-Jeeves Jeeves. Ernest Lawford gives a good sketch of an extremely ancient actor, this time at least sixty-three! Really, Mr. Raphaelson should come over and see some of our poor old men, ranging from fifty-three to sixty-three, disporting themselves on the golf links and tennis courts!

Let me say, here and now, that this is a very entertaining and unusual show, but one that demands an intelligent audience. By the way, nobody need say that the character of Steven is unbelievable, because a playwright of my acquaintance had to discard a most promising theme for the reason that he found himself perpetually dramatising his own life.

Impetuous youth: Dickie Reynolds (Robert Flemyng) all wrapped up in care and a large evening-dress scarf

The return of the prodigal secretary, Linda Brown (Greer Garson), and the exit of the light of other days, Genevieve (Mary Glynne), both saying things with flowers, while Stephen Gaye (Nicholas Hannan) tries to pour oil on troubled waters

Sketches by Rouson

Houston Rogers

Lucie Mannheim

The German Star in a German Comedy

The English stage and screen are here the richer by what Germany has lost—a fine actress who for some years was the leading star of the Berlin State Theatre. Lucie Mannheim has been in England for a good many months, has taken a house in London, speaks English fluently, played the spy in the early scenes of "The 39 Steps." In that she showed herself to have a direct, dramatic style, clear-cut and unsentimental. Last night she was seen for the first time in Bruno Frank's comedy, "Nina," at the Criterion, with Hugh Miller and Cecil Parker, and with Owen Nares as producer. There is also a possibility she may appear later on with John Gielgud in Alfred Savoir's "The Milky Way"

At Glen

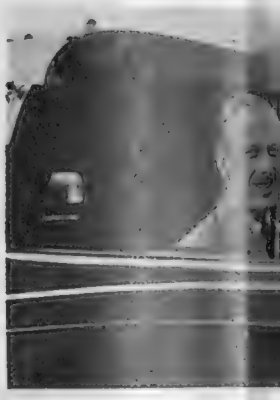
Comings and the Perth

Rowden Temple and Dick Thornton

Came over from the latter's home, Glendoll, in Angus; he is a brother of Kenneth Thornton, whose wife was Angela Brett. The partridge fell a victim on the way to Mr. Thornton's speedy car

Mrs. Harold Taylor and the Akers-Douglases

Mrs. Harold Taylor and Mr. and Mrs. Ian Akers-Douglas were also day visitors to Gleneagles. She was staying with the Frank Douglases, and they were off to visit Sir Archibald and Lady Lyle



Arthur

Has a new green Rolls, Gleneagles en route for the spent most of August at Is a cousin of Sir Henry

Lady Violet Baring

Has been decorating the Gleneagles Hotel golf courses for some time now, with her parents, Lord and Lady Cromer, and her brother, who owns the red sports car in the picture

Right: Mrs. Lex Wilson lunched and golfed; she and her husband had been staying with the Geoffrey Ackroyds, and have now come south

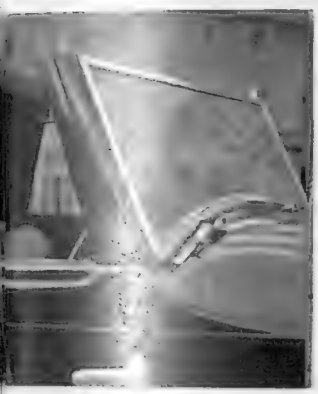
Mrs. Lex Wilson

Zara Deuchar

In a less accustomed setting —she is a North Berwick native, and had motored over from there to Perthshire

eagles

Goings at shire Hotel



Montgomer

in which he arrived at Northern Meeting. He Salzburg for the Festival. Purvis-Russell-Montgomery

Mrs. Richard Winsloe

Came over for lunch, all in green and brown. She and her husband had been stalking somewhere near by, and were going on to Inverness. She is a cousin of Lord Doverdale

Mme. Constance Lejeune

Was at Gleneagles with her twin sister, having come on from Deauville via Gatwick, where one of her horses was a winner. She has a horse running in the Cambridgeshire

Mrs. Gwynne and Peter Ward

The attractive American is with Lord Dudley's younger son, having deserted the West Coast and Lord Dudley's yacht for a golf week-end

The Hon. Mrs. Crawshay

Is Lord Tyrrell's daughter; both her father and her husband, Captain Jack Crawshay, were there too. The latter is attaché to the British Embassy in Paris

Mrs. Gerald Wellesley

Was another of the Geoffrey Akroyds' guests who motored the eight miles to Gleneagles. The good-looking Labrador came with her

The Other Half . . .

Three Character-Studies from the Professional Photographers' Association Exhibition of Portraiture

The Plasterer By

The Jersey Fisherman By *A. Laurens*

Douglas

The Circus Engineer *By Martin Sander*

"THE OTHER HALF" being the way they look when they 're working—the ninety-nine-point-nine per cent of the world who spend the best part of every day doing a job . . . Photography in England, both commercial and decorative, has in the last few years made big strides towards regaining its once undisputed lead. The Americans and some of the Continental camera technicians will be hard to catch up, but the various photographic exhibitions that the autumn brings to London contain some unquestionably fine and original work. These three clever camera portraits—of a plasterer, a fisherman, and a circus engineer—are traditional in style, certainly, but they are the products of a perfectly modern technique. They are being shown in the Portrait Exhibition of the Professional Photographers' Association, which follows their Commerce and Industry show at the Royal Institute Galleries, Piccadilly. The Exhibition is open from yesterday until the end of the month

FILMS of the Day

A la Carte

By SYDNEY TREMAYNE

Left: one of the less lugubriously heart-breaking moments in "Break of Hearts," in which Charles Boyer and Katharine Hepburn are the stars. The film is at the Plaza, and a review of it is on this page

Below: Tom Walls and the incomparable Yvonne Arnaud are in "Stormy Weather," at the New Gallery (also reviewed here). Ralph Lynn has teamed again with Walls in this farce, after a long interval of separation

Joy-Riding in "Break of Hearts"

"Stormy Weather" Warning

No surfeit of musicals, westerners, or historicals at the moment. You can pay your money and take your choice. A Ben Travers comedy, with the usual ingredients, is a sort of soufflé en surprise; a new Hepburn film *should* be the plat du jour; *The Scoundrel* has been called by the critics caviar to the masses; and then, of course, there is Shirley Temple if you have a sweet tooth!

"Stormy Weather" is better and more amusing than its immediate predecessors; an inconsequential, entertaining medley of farce and melodrama, supremely well played. In the earlier sequences, introducing the dramatis personæ, and explaining their alliances and misalliances, the film is a little jerky and disjointed, but once these are assembled it moves swiftly and smoothly through excitements, cinecisms and cynicisms to its appointed unravelment.

Tom Walls becomes more and more "gentlemanly" and immaculate. He is a big business man, but in spite of a French wife with a jealous and flighty disposition, he is not at all tired. As Sir Duncan Craggs he never permits himself to smile, and delivers his sometimes risqué lines and his effective knock-out blows, in the Chinese stronghold of a wicked Russian blackmailer, with equal deliberation. In fact, he never bats a cynically drooping and carefully maquillée eyelid. His humour, consisting chiefly of double ententes at the expense of his wife, sinks as low as his request to a shop-girl selling stockings of many shades, to "show me some flesh," but is redeemed by lines like his rebuke to his flirtatious lady: "Your companions should be of your own age, sex, and size."

Yvonne Arnaud delightfully utilises her malaprop broken English, her little squeaks, and the alluring tones of her mutable voice, and her sense of comedy in alternating moods of coyness and indignation as the undeceived wife.

Ralph Lynn is inevitably the silly ass, but an aggressive and rather machiavellian ass; while Robertson Hare, in his familiar unctuous but hen-pecked rôle, becomes a sort of human medicine ball and supplies the slapstick interludes which are, in *Stormy Weather*, subsidiary to plot and dialogue.

Mention must be made of a new lovely, half-Chinese, called Stella Maya. The soft-spoken, pigeon-English lines allotted her give no indication of her acting powers—or their absence—but she moves with Lilith-like grace, and is supremely photogenic.

What is to be said and what is to be done about Katharine Hepburn? The very fact that she is the subject of controversy proves her to be a personality. She has shown herself capable of sensitive and even great acting, notably in thatearly picture, *Bill of Divorcement*. But as she has grown more conscious of her own potentialities, her performances become more conscious, mannered, and affected. The real artist eliminates and discards unessentials as power and mastery of technique increase.

A review of Katharine Hepburn's latest film, *Break of Hearts*, might be entitled, "Poses, poses all the way." True, the story is unsatisfactory, unoriginal, and meandering, but as a girl, herself a musician, who falls in love with and marries a young composer, fails to hold him, and so "disappears into the night," to reappear in order to rescue him from the drunken degradation and ruin to which her deflection has reduced him, she does not emerge as a particularly sympathetic or admirable or tragic figure, because she does not make of Constance a real person.

Her in-spite-of-all admirers say that Hepburn is a strange, fée genius, inferring that lack of appreciation denotes inability to rise to the heights necessary to understanding. But the truth is that an actress is a representational artist, and what she has to represent is human nature, passions, emotions, and actions in some guise understandable by and moving to ordinary people, and this is what all great actresses have done. If Katharine Hepburn is a great actress, and a unique personality, she can afford to be natural. Her present method, component of posture and pose, makes her appear an eccentric, self-conscious and therefore rather tiresome young woman to the critical, who were originally attracted by the provocative suggestion of character and intelligence in her unusual type of beauty, while the uncritical will always prefer blondes and babies.

Charles Boyer, another claimant to the personality title, is the composer husband. His straightforward methods, which conceal a charged battery of technique, throw Katharine Hepburn's emotional gaucheries into strong relief. John Beal does some more ministering (unclerical this time), a trifle intensely.

"The Scoundrel" is being shown at Mayfair's "local cinema," the Curzon. Noel Coward's first appearance on the screen reveals yet another facet of his brilliant versatility. He is a publisher whose studied impoliteness, Wildean-Coward-esque epigrams and virtuosity as a wooing and wandering lover make him irresistible to love—and to hate. The photography is excellent and significant, the acting very good; there is some entertaining characterisation, an enlivening spot of melodrama, and an exquisite love-scene between Noel Coward (at the piano!) and Julie Haydon, lovely and an exceptional young actress. Towards the end there is a rather startling change of mood from the flippant to the mystical, and some fairly difficult-to-masticate revenant business, but it gives Coward and the camera opportunities to show what they can do. Critics agreed that *The Scoundrel* was caviar to the masses, but here is stimulus for discriminating appetites.

Olivia de Haviland

Patricia Ellis

What's the Betting?

—Will They Be Stars?

No. 3 of a New Series for Film Fans with a Speculative Turn of Mind

Florine McKinney

Olivia de Haviland's *first film put her right on the Hollywood map; she plays Hermia in Max Reinhardt's "A Midsummer Night's Dream." She had the same rôle in Reinhardt's stage productions of the play in the Hollywood Bowl and Chicago. This first screen success has got her the feminine lead in a new Cagney film called "The Irish In Us," in which, besides he-man G-man James, she has Pat O'Brien and Frank McHugh to play up to*

Patricia Ellis *is a New York nineteen-year-old who took to the stage in stock until a Warner casting director spied her out and tested her. This got her into "Picture-Snatcher," with James Cagney, thence via "The Narrow Corner" and "A Perfect Week-end" (among others), to "A Night at the Ritz," where she plays lead to William Gargan and is well on the star road*

*This attractive little person—***Florine McKinney***—was also a New Yorker at the start of her career; she danced there and also got a scholarship for singing. 1931 saw her on the films, doing small parts. She was in "David Copperfield" as Little Em'ly, and then she got the lead in "Night Life of the Gods" opposite Alan Mowbray, and is definitely being groomed for stardom*

Last on the list is ***Gertrude Michael,*** *who has had the luck to be chosen for "The Last Outpost," in which Claude Rains and Cary Grant are both playing. It's a Bengal Lancer-ish film, and a big break for a girl who's not yet a star. She had her first part—but nothing to say—as a flower-girl in "Bedtime Story" with Maurice Chevalier; before that she was unknown, so her approach to the doors of fame has been quick*

Gertrude Michael

SCOTTISH ELIGIBLES

A Page for Spinsters to Study

Charles Hector Fitzroy MacLean is heir to his grandfather, the 10th baronet, who was born in 1835 and fought at Alma

Donald Cameron of Lochiel (Yr.) comes of a long line of romantic Donald Camerons. Full of charm, though, like most Scottish eligibles, not rich

The Master of Sinclair came of age in June, is only son of one of Scotland's nicest couples, Lord and Lady Sinclair, will be 17th Baron

Major Alan MacGregor-Whitton (known as "the King of Scotland") is still uncaught after a long and gallant career. Made history in Rome during war leaves. His colourful clothes continue

Ian Collins, known to lawn tennis as "I. G.," rides at his local meeting—Bogside—and is a Glasgow eligible—father being the big publisher

The Earl of Macduff, 21, and exceptionally neat-looking in his Greys uniform, is the future Duke of Fife — name Alastair

John Mackenzie, Laird of Dolphinton on the Tweeddale - Lanark border—is gay and much in demand at Scottish parties

Lord Fincastle, heir to the Dunmore Earldom, is nearly as handsome as his sister, Lady Elizabeth Murray. He too enjoys life

Lord Clydesdale, heir to the Dukedom of Hamilton and Brandon, is a boxer, the conqueror of Everest (by air), and the shyest man in Scotland

Lord Maitland goes about with his pretty sister, Lady Sylvia, is the Lauderdales' only son, plays tennis well and is easy to amuse

Lord Reay, chief of Clan Mackay, is also Dutch Baron Mackay van Ophemert; enjoys racing in the North, is expected to choose a Scottish bride

Some of the All Blacks in training at Newton Abbot, which is their headquarters during their stay in this country. Their first match was played against Devon and Cornwall on Saturday last

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

Some Players of Promise

BEFORE I tackled this article in earnest, I made notes of Rugby matters which seemed important. In front of me, then, is the back of an envelope, and on it I see scribbled "All Blacks at Devonport—will they be beaten?" — "Getting ball into scrummage" — "Simplify Laws" — "Promising Players"—"Outsize Gadney"—"Five-eighths in attack"—and so on.

There is, in short, plenty to talk about, and I fancy we've an uncommonly talkative season before us.

THERE will be a deal of chatter, for one thing, about these scrummage laws, and certainly as they stand they are unnecessarily complicated. Among those who worry about such things there is a movement towards the free ball—chuck it in, that's to say, and let anyone and everyone have a crack at it. None of this "must pass the first or outside foot of the outside players" mathematical stuff which referees cannot apply and players cannot understand. Back to the primitive, and let the side which shoves hardest be rewarded.

Something in it, maybe, but I'm not going to trail my coat in this particular controversy yet awhile. If anyone says anything about scrummaging, I'll willingly join in the fight, but the laws may simmer for a week or two as far as I'm concerned.

I REPEAT, though, that for scrummaging go to the All Blacks. I haven't seen them in action yet myself, though by the time you read this they will have had their first match against Devon and Cornwall. And I'm quite prepared for Devon and Cornwall to achieve immortal glory by beating the All Blacks. Improbable, if you like, but possible, and it wouldn't signify a bit.

With these New Zealanders we're not looking for an unbeaten record. They may prove invincible, but that is beside the point. They are not worrying about it very much themselves. What we do expect from them is a fresh angle on strategy, and I think we shall get it.

If they do not produce at least three quite unfamiliar tactical moves I shall be very much surprised. And without doubt they will shake us up forward.

IT is because teams from overseas remind us that the theory of the game has by no means reached its full development that they are particularly welcome. We are apt to settle down and shrug our shoulders and mumble that the game is not what it was. Unfortunately, it is not what it should be, either, and the intelligence behind the All Blacks, already plainly discernible, may awaken us to interesting possibilities. I do not write in any spirit of pessimism. The home countries are well stocked with players. We have half-backs and three-quarters of promise and performance at least as good as any the New Zealanders can produce.

They did not have much of a show in representative football last year. There was general rejoicing over Ireland's triumph in the International Championship last year, founded upon the sentiment which invariably supports the Davids against the Goliaths. A gallant triumph it was, too, hammered home by magnificently spirited forwards. For all that, we cannot pretend, even to scare the All Black wolf away, that the standard of representative football was high. Poor, blundering stuff, most of it, with spineless scrummaging as its main weakness, and the potential greatness of certain young players snuffed out in the resultant chaos.

THEY are still there, the young players. Cranmer and Wooller are not the only two, though Wooller, with his exceptional physique and his obvious instinct for the game, may take higher rank than any of them.

There are some half-backs in Wales to be watched. C. W. Jones we know. So do the All Blacks. They were talking about him before they left Tilbury. Jones was starved last winter, but perhaps this year H. Tanner, the Swansea schoolboy scrum-half, will be considered mature enough for the hurly-burly of the big games.

It is a great mistake to bring the youngsters along too fast, but Tanner is strong and level-headed, and already a remarkably good player. And if Tanner is thought fit for the ordeal, what about W. H. T. Davies, his schoolfellow, a stand-off half of outstanding promise, less spectacular than Jones, but extremely effective!

IN England we are short of half-backs. I hope and believe that B. C. Gadney will strike his best form again. When the All Blacks saw Gadney at the British Sportsmen's Club luncheon they gasped. Were our forwards, they asked, built on a proportionately larger scale? And at that moment J. McD. Hodgson loomed up, six feet four inches and close on fifteen stone of him. Admirable propaganda.

With Gadney at his best the English Selectors' lot would be considerably eased. They would like, no doubt, to have a stand-off half cut and dried, and if J. R. Auty could stand up to a shaking he might be the man.

Auty is probably the most brilliant attacking stand-off half in the country when all is going well—T. J. M. Barrington, unhappily, is crocked at the moment, so I do not fear correspondence from the Bristol district. But Auty has yet to show that he can beat the fast defence and persistent tackling of a player like R. W. Shaw, of Scotland.

As a wing three-quarter I venture to prophesy at least an England trial for A. G. Butler, of the Harlequins. Butler is a beautiful runner, exceptionally fast and clever, and had he been a Scotsman I have an idea that an international cap would have come his way before now.

BUT there—this is looking far ahead, though it is true enough that the Selectors of the home countries will have to be scratching their heads very soon now. The Scotsmen, in particular, must hurry, for on November 23rd the All Blacks play them at Murrayfield, and before that they will have to discover some scrummaging forwards. What they need, I suggest with respect, is a Border pack, or at least a really strong infusion of Border blood and spirit. By the time the All Blacks reach Murrayfield I predict that their forwards will be making all of us sit up and take notice. And where forwards are concerned, we still look to Scotland, though lately our trust has been rather misplaced. Scotland, Ireland, Wales, England—the All Blacks tackle us in that order. In England, therefore, we have a chance to observe the fortunes—or misfortunes—of the other countries, and learn what lessons we may. And quite possibly it will be left to the Barbarians to lower the New Zealand flag in the charity match which may be arranged to take place when the official All Black tour is over.

Out of Town

Faces Seen by Molly Bishop

Miss Ursula Livingstone-Learmonth

Is a member of the Dorset family, daughter of Captain and Mrs. Noel Livingstone-Learmonth, sister of Mrs. Peter Wiggin, and a 1934 debutante. She's been yachting with a neighbour, Colonel Benet-Stanford, on his Oceana

The Hon. Denise Yarde-Buller

Above: Denise Yarde-Buller has also been cruising with Colonel Benet-Stanford. She is the second of Lord Churston's four sisters (Mrs. Loel Guinness is the eldest), and is nineteen this year

Right: Lady Doria Childe is dark and attractive, and Molly Bishop sees her a shade like Yvonne Arnaud. She is the Duke of Newcastle's elder daughter, is twenty-seven, and was one of the English decorations of Deauville

Mr. Michael Farmer

Left: Michael Farmer, Gloria Swanson's fourth husband, was sketched looking serious over a game of backgammon. He was around at Cannes and Deauville during the summer

Lady Doria Childe

"Bystander" Short Story No. 3

The Water-colour of an Aunt

By Anthony Thorne

At a table for two, sat a middle-aged Englishwoman with a well-groomed young man of about twenty-four

Illustration by Stephen Spurrier, R.O.I.

THE sea had a polish like green marble, delicately veined where marzipan headlands drew the eye in leaping curves away from Amalfi. Scattered pink villages lay upon the shores as though they had been dropped from a Neapolitan coral necklace. Leaning on the balustrade of the Hotel Santa Margherita, I looked lovingly at the Gulf of Solerno, and had no thought in my mind but of a veal escalope with spaghetti.

I was hungry. It was already two o'clock, and among the tables on the terrace behind me there was not an empty seat. In addition to the residents there were many visitors—mostly English, I heard, for their voices rose above the sound of the guitars, even above the shrill treble of the boy who sang to them.

I turned to face the terrace. And then I noticed that next to me, at a table for two, sat a middle-aged Englishwoman with a well-groomed young man of about twenty-four. He made a pleasant impression, good-looking and amused, but of the pair it was she who interested me, for I have a particular penchant for middle-aged ladies travelling abroad. I like to watch them: I am a connoisseur in the details of their toilettes, and am sometimes grateful if they talk to me. They have surprised me often in their confidences (for they like me, too), and I know that within their holiday minds they have often the incongruous riches of a small and respectable museum.

Now at last the young man was leaning forward, pushing his chair back, laying his napkin on the table.

"You go ahead, then," I heard him say to her. "You 'll get it this time. Don't worry about me—I 'll come back and fetch you later on."

As he turned and walked through the tables on his way to the hotel I put a tentative hand on the empty chair: she smiled graciously. I sat down at last and beckoned a waiter.

When I looked back at her she had produced from under the table the striped bag, about a foot square, which ladies of her kind always bring back from Biskra. She has travelled a good deal, I decided, and likes to make water-colour sketches of the places she visits. And, believe it or not, from the bag came a pad of Whatman paper, a box of water-colours, and a

The Water-colour of an Aunt *(Continued)*

pencil. Next to her wine-glass, still full, there was a glass of water. Nothing was missing. I realised that for the rest of the meal I would have the slightly uncomfortable feeling of framing with my right shoulder the subject of a water-colour landscape.

WHILE she was settling to her work I studied her. She wore a light dress of a serious grey, with a lace modesty speckled with face powder. In many details of her appearance she showed quite clearly the influence of two different ages. Obviously born at a time when ladies asked if their hats were on straight, she wore hers crooked with a modern jauntiness. Her waved grey hair, I noticed, was restrained by a net. Her humorous mouth, surrounded by a puckering of lines, was coloured with the shade that is supposed to be natural.

She began to draw, and then for a while the hors d'œuvre occupied my attention. When I next glanced at her, perhaps ten minutes later, she had started to paint. From time to time, I noticed, she dipped her brush absent-mindedly into the Lacrima Cristi. I would have liked to see what effect that careless gesture had upon her painting. It cannot have improved the wine. Again my plate interested me for a few minutes, and I observed next that her face wore that expression of puzzlement and disillusion that so often marks a stage in amateur water-colour painting.

PERHAPS I stared a little too long. She caught my eye, smiled, looked again, still smiling, at her pad, at the landscape, at me. Then, as if to console herself, she took a sip at her wine. In a moment, I felt, she would say something. She would show me her water-colour and ask my opinion. If she thought me intelligent, she would ask about her "values." She would ask me if she needed more gamboge with her greens.

I was wrong. She did hold up her Whatman pad for my inspection, and with a wry face. But she said, most unexpectedly and in such a clear and charming voice:

"Isn't that unmistakably the water-colour of an aunt?"

I saw that she was right; and I laughed with a good deal of astonishment in my laughter.

"Are you an aunt?"

"Technically, yes. That was my nephew whose chair you took. He gives me such encouragement, the dear boy. But it's dreadful to think that I should be an aunt even in my water-colours. You know—do you mind if I smoke?

"Please——"

"You know, when I was a girl I used to look through a big album of water-colours on the piano at home. They were all done by an aunt. Views of Lake Como, you know the sort of thing. I realise now that they did not belong to a period as much as to a state of mind. You follow?"

I made an encouraging noise and lost a piece of spaghetti.

"They recur inevitably. To a woman of my age so many impressions are apt to be a little—well, a little muddy with over-painting, a little sentimental. You could scarcely expect them to be spontaneous and free, could you? Oh, I assure you, it isn't that I don't open my eyes. It isn't that I don't see what other people are doing. I'm a great admirer of modern art. For example, I'm fond of Chirico, Laboureur, even Braque——"

"I see what you mean. There's a distance between what you like in painting, and what you yourself——"

"Exactly. I'm an aunt. I can't escape it."

She paused, and I scarcely knew what advice or encouragement to offer. So far she had pleased and interested me, and above all I had had the greater part of my lunch. I was quite content to linger over the remainder and consider her problems with my coffee.

"What annoys me so much," continued my middle-aged lady suddenly, "is the *futility* of what I am doing. David disagrees with me, of course—and I think it's extraordinarily nice of him to adopt that attitude considering that I waste so much of his time every day. But don't you think it's futile?"

"Well," I said, "Oscar Wilde held that all art is useless. Not that I agree with that. But, personally, I would not have asked Cézanne to paint that view. The sea is too green, the sky too blue, the houses too pink. The colours are impossible, delirious. I cannot help feeling that the crudest picture-postcards are entirely adequate. They are all one can do about it."

She laughed. "How amusing! I believe you're right. But I do wish that I could make you understand about David."

"Your nephew?"

"Yes. He's so encouraging. It isn't that he likes what I do, but he thinks I ought to do it."

"What a strange young man!"

"No; I see what he means. He means that I learn so much about myself, and he is quite right. Just think of it. It isn't only that I realise my—what you might call my auntiness"—she laughed—"but I realise, in painting these silly water-colours, so many other things as well. Have you ever heard of the significance of colour?"

I felt I had. I also felt that I was beginning to dislike David. Pretentious theorising about the significance of colour threatened my after-lunch contentment and the loveliness of the Italian afternoon. I began to think that, despite the charms of this middle-aged lady of mine, this was a time when a man could be better employed with one of the girls whom I had seen in the hotel.

"Why," she demanded, "do I avoid yellows? Why do I have a tendency to use cool colours when I can see perfectly well that they are warm?"

WHY, indeed? I thought that perhaps David might answer her, for I saw him coming towards us at last, suppressing a yawn. He stopped to look over her shoulder at the painting pad, and she smiled up at him.

"I've just been talking to this young man," she told him, "about the way you encourage me to paint, and about the significance of colour."

As I looked up at David's face I noticed something that his aunt could not have seen—the lobe of the ear nearest to me was a bright and startling red, a shade which ladies younger than she sometimes favour for their lips—a shade which is not supposed to be natural.

"The significance of colour," I said. "There you have it. There you have the whole matter in a nutshell."

"Say when, sir!"

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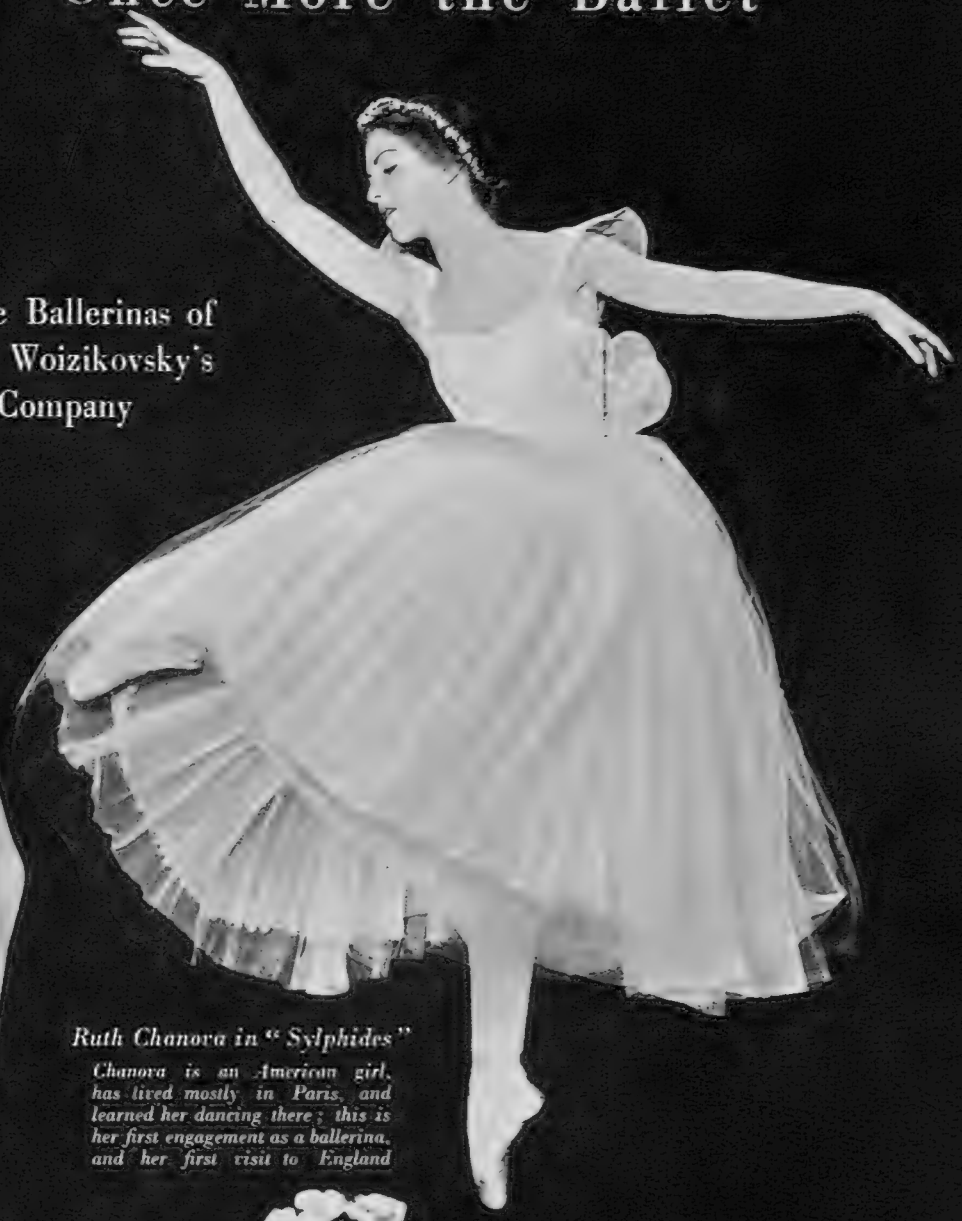
Once More the Ballet

Three Ballerinas of Léon Woizikovsky's Company

Nina Tarakanova

Tarakanova is making her second visit to London; was here with de Basil's company last year; is a pupil of Kchessinska's, and now a very talented ballerina



Ruth Chanova in "Sylphides"

Chanova is an American girl, has lived mostly in Paris, and learned her dancing there; this is her first engagement as a ballerina, and her first visit to England

Blinova met Woizikovsky when they were both with de Basil three years ago; trained with Sokolova in Russia; is making her first London appearance

IT is a serious test for a young ballet company, as Léon Woizikovsky's is, to make their debut here so soon after the long de Basil season at Covent Garden. However, the Coliseum on their first night was full and enthusiastic, and as a company, these dancers established at once their right to be judged by the highest standards. Woizikovsky himself made his reputation with Diaghileff, and was with de Basil before he formed his own company. His present London season is a three weeks' one

Valentina Blinova

Below: Peggy Falkner (Worplesdon), the winner and (right) Joan Pemberton, of Bramall Park, whom she beat by 4 and 2, in the final of the Girls' Championship at Stoke Poges, with their trophies

The Rewards of Victory

A Semi-Finalist

Sheila Stroyan (Sunningdale) was one of the semi-finalists in the Girls' Golf Championship, beating Jacqueline Gordon in the fourth round, and played some of the best golf in the Championship. Her father, Captain John Stroyan, was the donor of the International Cup, and she played second for the victorious Scottish side. At the beginning of the year her L.G.U. handicap was 27, but now it is only 4

Final News of the "Bystander's" Girls' Open Golf Championship

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

A NEW Champion, runner-up, semi-finalists, Craig Cup and Stoke Court Cup winners: all this following on after a record entry and the first International match seems to me quite enough in itself to make 1935 a memorable year in the annals of the Girls' Championship. But that is not all. I do not think anybody will be contradictious if I say that the style of practically every competitor at Stoke Poges this year was sounder, and therefore fuller of promise for the future, than in any other year. Perhaps there were no absolute high-lights in the picture, such as Miss Jessie Anderson or Miss Pam Barton, or, to go further back, Miss Enid Wilson, Miss Diana Fishwick, or Mademoiselle Simone de la Chaume. On the other hand, not once was one tempted to say of a winner: "Well, she had no business to get through with a swing like that; *she* won't go any further." And that, to my mind, is a big thing to be able to say of four-and-forty girls under nineteen years of age. It means that there are plenty of first-class golfers in the making, and since the game as played by them is not only sound in style but cheerful and generous in spirit, the grown-up golfing world (of whom the best have gone through the Girls' Championship themselves) can feel that the 1935 entry will be well worth welcoming.

HOWEVER, I must not spend too much time in generalities, when there are so many good matches to describe, leading up to that exciting moment when Peggy Falkner, of Worplesdon, holed a two-yard putt on the last green to win the final, one up, from Joan Pemberton, of Bramall Park.

When this history broke off last week we had reached the dance at Stoke Court Country Club, which was quite one of the events of the week and delightful as ever. Next morning the first off were Peggy Bullard, from Royal Norwich, whom general opinion dubbed the best swinger of the club at Stoke, and Betty Tidswell, from Headingley, whom she beat by 5 and 4. Behind them came Sonia Swinburne Johnson, beginning by then to look every inch a semi-finalist, but most bravely held by Peggy Edwards, from Manchester, who has only been playing golf for eighteen months, and is only aged sixteen. Sonia, of course, is a year younger than that, but then she lives at Stoke Poges, can play any amount, and knows every blade of grass on the course, so that it was a very good performance indeed of the Northerner to turn only one down, particularly as Sonia had put all her mistakes into the second hole. Peggy Edwards has obviously been well taught, and she is an excellent putter. She squared the match at the eleventh with a good three, to match her same figure at the seventh, but Sonia took the twelfth and thirteenth in four apiece, and became dormy at the fifteenth, where Peggy was firmly held by a bunker. But Northern tenacity was not done with, and the match went to the seventeenth, and only ended there by dint of a very long drive and a run-up dead. Peggy proved herself a good golfer again the next day, when she won the Craig bogey challenge cup with 8 down, not bad going against a 76 par playing from scratch. Waveney Beesley, if not quite so inspired as on the afternoon before, played the short holes like a master—the seventh in 2 was her habit throughout; Jean Hayes had all the four of them in 3 each, but could only halve three and lose one of them, and Waveney's good 4's at the fourth and fifteenth were the deciding factors, for she won by 2 and 1. Peggy Falkner provided another 2 for the delight of the gallery under the trees at the seventh, and was too sound and seasoned a golfer for Margaret Urie, of Turnberry, to do more than take to the sixteenth, vastly as the Turnberry player has come on this year. Opinion seemed to be that Fiona Morris, having beaten the holder the day before, would go far, and the idea gained strength when she was three up at the fifth. Jacqueline Gordon, though, was full of determination to flout the prophets. What did she do at the sixth but hole a spoon shot out of the rough for a 2 (that hole being 408 yards!) and by the turn she was only one down, eventually one up at the sixteenth. She lost the seventeenth, though, and when her drive was bunkered at the eighteenth, all looked over. However, she put a fine chip dead, after Fiona's had gone into the hole and come out again, and it was Jacqueline who won at the nineteenth.

SHEILA STROYAN v. Rhoda Jupp was expected to be a great struggle, but Sheila, with her powerful swing well under control, and the putts rolling in without a tremor, made the most of Rhoda's temporary lack of touch and turned 4 up, out in 37, which was the lowest figure for the week. Rhoda held on doggedly, but chips dead could only give her halves and Sheila finished the match 5 and 4 with a ten-yard putt at the fourteenth. This was followed by some good golf and a drastic 9 and 8 win for Joan Parnell from Mary Browne, and an amazingly tight struggle for the eventual runner-up, Joan Pemberton. She was playing Jean McIntyre, a thirteen-year-old from Hallamshire, who was hitting the ball as far as anybody, and is full of pluck and fight. In fact, it was the younger girl who turned 1 up. But Joan is equally a fighter. Had she not been four down and six to go in her very first match against Lally Vagliano? At all events, she took the next three holes from

(*Continued on page 482*)

The Camera-Man as a Creative Artist

In the 1935 Exhibition of the London Salon of Photography

Sir William Rothenstein and his son William—*By Maurice Turney*

The Sicilian—*By Ismay Taylor*

Right:
Human Bondage—
By Dr. Max Thorek

THE London Salon of Photography opened their twenty-sixth annual Exhibition last week at 5a, Pall Mall East. The extremely interesting collection of photographs that are on show there can be seen until October 12th

Rhoda Jupp brought her ciné-camera with her to Stoke Poges. She was one of the favourites, but went out to Sheila Stroyan in the third round, losing the match by 4 and 3

The "Bystander's" Girls' Open Golf Championship

(Continued from page 480)

Jean in 3, 3, 4, and got home on the seventeenth.

THE afternoon started with a grand match between Peggy Bullard and Sonia Johnson, the latter being 2 up at the sixth. Two holes later they were square. They halved the next three holes, both playing lovely chips to the ninth, and Peggy another still better one to the tenth. Then it was Sonia's turn, and out of the next four holes she laid three chips dead. That made her 2 up and 3 to go, but Peggy clung on, and was only beaten at the eighteenth.

Peggy Falkner, out in 38 and only two over fours for the match, was at her best that afternoon, and played altogether too mature, effective golf, for Waveney Beesley, whose 8 and 7 loss did not do her justice.

Sheila Stroyan had a mighty struggle with Jacqueline Gordon, who showed very plainly what a good golfer she will be when she has the chance to play more golf. Both holed long putts to halve the first hole in 4.

Then Sheila forged ahead to turn 2 up. Jacqueline won the next two, and by the thirteenth had taken the lead. Good pitching from both meant that fourteenth and fifteenth were halved in 4. At the sixteenth Jacqueline had her 3 safe from the moment the ball left the club: Sheila was over, but a very clever chip back and a two-yard putt saved the situation, and she it was who won the seventeenth. Square. At the eighteenth Jacqueline's long second was bunkered to the right of the green, Sheila played a very well-thought-out shot and struck, which finished within seven yards of the pin, and so won her a very fine match.

Joan Pemberton meanwhile had gone out in 41 against Joan Parnell, and won by 3 and 2. The latter has only one more year in the Girls' and will be at work when next September comes round, but it is good news that she means to take her holiday if possible, so that she can compete at Stoke again. She was one of the excellent stylists, and it is very much to be hoped that work will not altogether cut out golf for her. Her sister has two more years before her.

SEMI-FINALS are apt to put a big premium on experience. Undoubtedly that was so next morning between Peggy Falkner and Sonia Johnson. The latter is a splendidly promising golfer, but at fifteen, three years is a weighty, often decisive, difference, and Peggy again played sound, knowledgeable golf which took her to the turn

Peggy Bullard, who reached the fourth round, studies the programme with Mrs. Parnell and her daughters, Monica and Joan. The last-named was another fourth-round loser

in 39. Sonia—one could see it in every shot—tried too hard, gripped too hard, braced every muscle instead of leaving them to do their work naturally, and the result was inevitable. She won the second because Peggy took three putts, and the ninth because of a clever pitch and a six-yard putt holed, but there was no denying Peggy's 4, 3, 4 from the turn onwards, and she finished the match 5 and 4 with a lovely approach putt stone dead at the fourteenth.

In the other semi-final Joan Pemberton was showing herself a splendidly calm and collected golfer, swinging just as smoothly and crisply as she had done all the week, and evidently finding only inspiration in the excitement of the big occasion. Sheila Stroyan, on the other hand, seemed to find difficulty in getting the club up and down again without an angle in the swing, a temporary out-of-gearness which, like Sonia Johnson's too tight grip, came from an over-anxiety to play well. Moreover, she seemed tired, just as Miss Pam Barton or Miss Jessie Anderson seem worn out by the last rounds of a Championship. All three take a practice swing before every shot. Is that an explanation, and a good reason for not doing so? There is no space this week for such a discussion, but I cannot help wondering. There was nothing tired about Sheila's fine tee shot three yards from the second, but a short putt went in and out again at the fourth to make her 2 down and though she won the fifth and halved the sixth, they were in figures which she would have scorned in her earlier rounds. Then she pulled herself together and won

Fiona Morris of Sandy Lodge beat the holder 4 and 3 in the first round; beat Monica Parnell at the 20th in the second; and then lost to Jacqueline Gordon at the 19th in the third

the seventh, eighth and ninth in 3, 4, 4, and so turned 2 up. That only stung Joan to reprisals, and she won the next three. Sheila sank a good putt to halve the thirteenth, but it was only a momentary breathing space, for Joan won the next three holes and the match, 4 and 2.

THE golf in the final was hardly up to the standard of the other rounds, and largely turned on the dislike Joan Pemberton's putts had taken to staying in the hole. She nearly holed right across the third green and the sixth, she missed a possible putt to halve the eighth, she nearly holed a five-yarder at the thirteenth. If Peggy had not found a good many bunkers, and had great difficulty in getting out of them, Joan must have been several down. As it was, Peggy only led by one at the turn, and was actually one down when they and the excited crowd crossed to the sixteenth tee. There Peggy played a beauty and got her 2, had a little bit of luck in running over the bridge across the ditch at the seventeenth to be dormy, and holed a six-foot putt for her four at the eighteenth, for her championship 1 up.

Then prize presentations by Captain Stroyan, including Stoke Court's cup to the girl staying there who survived longest and which meant Joan Pemberton, lovely carnations from the girls to me, which I appreciated more than I can say. Isn't it difficult to find the right words at such a minute? I feel as if I did not half thank them. And another vastly appreciated incident was a cable from Betty Frost, who came to the Girls' from South Africa last year, wishing them luck and saying she wished she were there again.

There is no space to comment on Mrs. J. B. Walker's fine win of the Australian Championship, only for heartiest congratulations to her.

Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.

FASHION . . .

as it flies . . . by Elizabeth

Plumes of every description are extensively used this Autumn for trimming and evening headdresses. The latter include coloured wings and osprey. Dyed ostrich tips cover the wide bishop sleeves of an evening wrap, and form a youthful décolletage to a frock, while Paradise fronds are very effective, especially with black velvet. In the frock on the right, which may be seen in the model gown department at Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, the graceful skirt is strewn with black ostrich, and slit half-way up the front. The corsage is perfectly plain and moulded, with a V neck which is softened by a scarf also trimmed with fronds. Black and silver brocade is used for another lovely frock with a wide spread skirt flaring from the knees. It is accompanied by a short waisted jacket with tailored collar and puffed elbow sleeves

Photo by Lenare

Simple Pull-overs for Chilly Days

The question of replenishing a depleted wardrobe is one which confronts every woman at this time of year. Tweeds for the country must, of course, be included; also several pull-overs. The one on the left is navy-blue wool with diagonal white stripes. It has a high, round neck, and ribbing round the waist and cuffs. From Woolland's, Knightsbridge, it costs 29s. 6d.

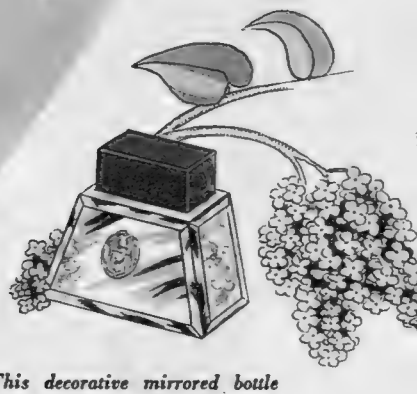
Fine cashmere makes the jumper worn by the seated figure. It is knitted with an attractive openwork stitch, and has a tie collar in a contrasting shade which may be worn open. For golf and sportswear in general, it is ideal as a plain cardigan (not included in the photograph) accompanies it. It is available in cherry, nigger flannel or navy, and may be seen at Woolland's

It is always a good plan to include one perfectly plain jumper which will go with everything. The one on the left is in natural cashmere, with a becoming boat-shaped neck with scarf ends. It washes perfectly, and is beautifully warm. Apart from jumpers and pull-overs, Woolland's have some delightful blouses suitable for all occasions. Those in taffeta or needle-run lace are very smart for bridge and informal occasions

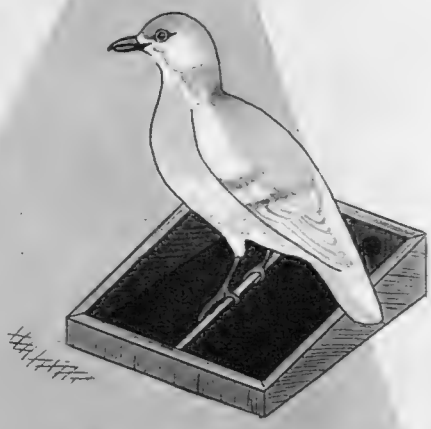
Photos by Lenare

THE BYSTANDER TWINS IN SEARCH OF NOVELTIES

Original belts may be seen at Harrods, Knightsbridge. A hip purse is introduced in the leather one illustrated, which costs 7s. 11d. Next to it is a deep-sea monster in opalescent sequins with a chromium-plated hook and chain

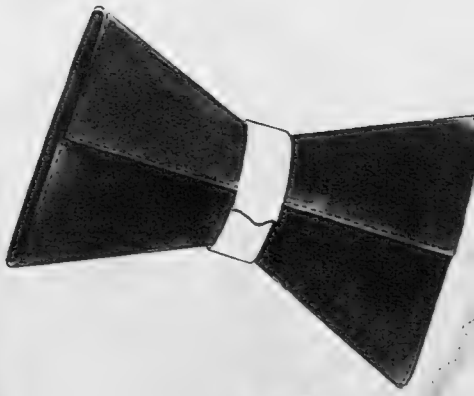


This decorative mirrored bottle contains lilac perfume, one of the most fragrant of all flower scents. At Selfridge's, Oxford Street, it only costs 3s. 9d., and is easily carried in the handbag

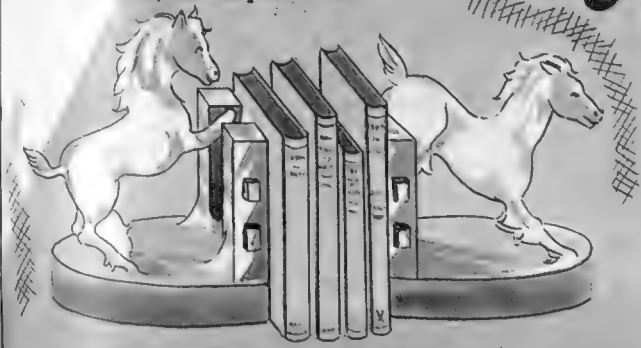


Pet doves are so popular just now that people are having their cars fitted with special bird trays like this one. It screws on to the inside of the car just below the window, and the dove sits on the perch

It is often difficult to think out a new cocktail, but with this Cocktail calendar from Harrods, the problem is easily solved as there are thirty-one recipes, one for every day of the month, and the price is 25s.



Both these bags are made in polished calf and come from Harvey Nichols. The top one is bow-shaped, with a chromium band, while the other has a suède flap with Vandyk stitching and a hairpin clasp. Below it is a cigarette lighter which suggests a lipstick and costs 7s. 6d.



Delightful book-ends that are practical as well as ornamental may be seen at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge. Those illustrated are made in coloured pottery and cost 7s. 6d.

Here is something different in the way of hangers. It is fitted with eight clothes pins, and is ideal for drying stockings and other small things, while it only costs 6d.

Golf Clubs At Home

Sheringham, Norfolk

A View of the Club-house

(1) C. H. Langmore (captain) and H. Craske (secretary). (2) Major G. Disney and R. M. Parker (committee). (3) Dr. Ben Davies and W. H. Parker. (4) A. F. Sheed and A. Addiscott. (5) Col. C. E. F. Copeman and Major F. de W. Harman (committee). (6) J. V. Robertson and T. A. Woodcock. (7) J. S. Pearse and S. M. Teague. (8) F. H. Harris (steward) and E. H. Risebro (professional)

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J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Portrush—"The St. Andrews of Ireland"

A Decisive Winner

Left: J. J. F. Pennink (Tonbridge and Magdalen), the captain of Oxford's 1935 golf team, who recently won the West of England Amateur Championship at Burnham. In the final, he beat J. V. Moberley by 7 and 6

Right: the finalists for the Cup presented by the Hon. William Brownlow and competed for on the links of the famous spa at Vichy. They are W. C. Carr and (right) R. de Trafford, the winner

Finalists at Vichy

WHEN this issue makes its appearance, play in the Irish Open Amateur Golf Championship will be taking place over the links of the Royal Portrush Golf Club. This is probably the most enjoyable championship of all; it blends nicely the seriousness of championship play with the care-free lightheartedness of holiday golf; it is always played on links which not only provide an admirable test of the game but are also pleasant to play and from which magnificent views of the surrounding country can be obtained. It is played on four links in rotation—namely, Portmarnock and Dollymount in the Free State and Newcastle and Portrush in Northern Ireland. All these courses are situated in such delightful surroundings that just as much enjoyment can be obtained by watching as by playing. I have just heard an ex-champion state that he is at Portrush for a holiday, and hopes to be beaten early in the championship so that he can sit on the numerous sand-dunes and watch the golf and at the same time admire the scenery.

FOR the keen golfer, in addition to the championship, other competitive golf is provided: on the Saturday before the championship there is always a medal competition, and on the Wednesday of the championship week there is a bogey competition for those who have been knocked out of the major event. There is also a selling sweep, which is very largely patronised and certainly adds to the general interest in the play, besides adding considerably to the profits of the local hotel in which it is held. This championship always attracts a large entry and a number of the best golfers. Among the entrants this year are the following, who have all represented us in Walker Cup matches against the United States—Jack McLean, A. Jamieson, Jun., who beat Bobby Jones in the Amateur Championship at Muirfield in 1926; Major C. O. Hezlet, who has not played in any championship golf for the last few years; H. G. Bentley, W. A. Murray, whose firm carried out the constructional work on the links; Dr. W. Tweddell, Major G. N. C. Martin, and John Burke, who nearly always wins the Irish native championship. The number of international golfers who have entered is too large to mention them all individually. One of these is Hector Thomson, the holder, who assuredly ought to be the biggest certainty of all for a place in our Walker Cup team next year.

PORTRUSH has been called the "St. Andrews of Ireland," and it most certainly deserves this title. Nearly every inhabitant plays golf, and many of them play extremely well and have a sound knowledge of the game. It is not unusual to hear a man in a shop say to the customer he is serving, "That was an awful bad second you played at the sixteenth yesterday, and I doubt if you would have got up with an iron even if you had hit the shot." Portrush has provided Ireland and Great Britain with several of their finest players, both male and female. The Hezlet family alone has brought many championship cups to Portrush. At one time there were for several years always three Hezlet girls in the field of the ladies' championship, and Miss May Hezlet won on three occasions and Miss Adair on two occasions. Miss Adair, who is now Mrs. Cuthell, has quite recently done a hole in one for the first time, and five years ago won the long-driving competition which is held at the Irish Ladies' Championship: a very good performance when you consider that most of her opponents were younger and therefore presumably more supple. Major C. O. Hezlet has twice won the Irish Open Amateur Championship, as also has Major G. N. C. Martin, who has also won the Army Championship. Portrush has been successful in professional events through H. M'Neil, who is known all over Ireland and most other places where golfers forgather as "Hughie." "Hughie" has won the Irish professional championship on more than one occasion, and was knocking at the door of the Open at the time when Vardon, Taylor, and Braid were in their prime. "Hughie" now serves the club as a playing professional as well as greenkeeper, and is still a very good player. He is a great character and has been honoured by having the third hole called after him. The second hole is named "Greenaway," after—in the opinion of Irishmen—a less distinguished man, an ex-Lord Mayor of London.

THE Portrush Golf Club is a very old club. It was founded in 1888, and the first Irish Open Amateur Championship was played over its links in 1892. When you visit golf clubs which have been in existence since the early days of the game, you nearly always find many interesting photographs and pictures hung on their walls, and Portrush is no exception. There is a photograph of Lady Margaret Scott winning the—and her third—ladies' championship in 1895. Lady Margaret is shown playing the eighteenth hole—a hole which still exists on the present course. This was the first ladies' championship played outside England. It was not until 1897, five years after the first meeting, that this championship was played in Scotland, the links selected being Gullane.

THE courses at Portrush, like most other courses, have been altered on several occasions. The present Long Course was designed by H. S. Colt in 1932, and opened for play in July 1933 by Sir Percy Greenaway, Bt. Colt had at his disposal additional land consisting of sand-dune country abounding in natural undulations, which is the best land on which to produce golf-courses. Colt himself said that it would be difficult not to produce a good hole wherever it was decided to place the tee and green.

The man who has done more than any other for the Royal Portrush Golf Club and links in modern times is the Rt. Hon. A. B. Babington, K.C., M.P., the Attorney-General of Northern Ireland, who has spent a considerable part of his spare time in furthering the interests of the Club, and has worked extremely hard to make the present course into what I have little doubt in the near future will be generally considered one of the best links in the world. On this magnificent links no one who is not a strong and experienced player can hope to be successful, and there is not the slightest doubt that the winner will have proved himself indeed a worthy champion. At Portrush you must play with your head as well as your heels.

The "Bystander" Book Shelf

A Born Leader

By A. G. Macdonell

GINO WATKINS was surely one of the most remarkable young men of recent times, and the country lost a potential leader when he was drowned off the coast of Greenland at the age of twenty-five. Mr. J. M. Scott has written a biography of him (Hodder and Stoughton; 20*s*.). Watkins was an adventurer from early days. He used to spend his school holidays climbing and ski-ing and chamois-hunting; at Cambridge he at once joined the Air Squadron; and in his application to the Alpine Club he was able to cite no fewer than twenty-eight notable climbs between 1923 and 1926, mostly without a guide. All this time his eyes were turned to the Arctic, and he tried to join every expedition that was setting out for the north. Failing to get taken by any of them, he made a resolve of extraordinary audacity and self-confidence. He determined to lead his own expedition. His objective was Edge Island, south-east of Spitzbergen, and it says a great deal for his personality that he actually persuaded a party to entrust themselves to his inexperienced leadership, including the redoubtable Major Morshead, twice his age and wearing the laurels of Everest.

The expedition was successfully carried out, though I think it is permissible to deduce from the description of it that the main share of the credit ought to go to Major Morshead rather than to Watkins. The next venture was to Labrador, and then came another to Greenland (Mr. Scott is so sparing with his dates that it is irritatingly difficult to follow the chronology), which made Watkins's name secure in the Valhalla of great explorers. The dramatic moment was the rescue of Mr. Courtauld, who was imprisoned by drifting snow in his own tent. At the age of twenty-four, Watkins lectured to a crowded meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, and was the youngest man who ever received the Gold Medal of the Society. A few weeks after being lionised in London, he slipped away again to Greenland and was dead. So died a born leader of men if ever there was one.

Martin Vale

Is the author of "The Two Mrs. Carrolls," the very successful murder play at St. Martin's. In private life, she is Mrs. Bayard Veiller; her husband is also a playwright, and wrote "The Trial of Mary Dugan" and "Within the Law"

ONE of the neatest and wittiest titles for a book that I have come across for a long time is *Black Maria;* or *The Criminals' Omnibus* (Gollancz; 8*s*. 6*d*.) "conducted" by Mr. Harry Hodge. It consists of a selection of famous trials, described by famous criminologists such as Mr. Roughead, Miss Tennyson Jesse, Mr. H. B. Irving, and others. Personally, I am a biased witness in these matters, because detective-fiction in the main, with a few notable exceptions, bores me to tears, and so my opinion that *Black Maria* is forty times as exciting as any thriller that was ever written is of small value. But, for what it is worth, there is my opinion. Mr. Roughead leads off with Mary Blandy, and then Mr. David Mackay discusses the monstrous perversion of justice by which James Stewart of the Glen was tried by Campbell judges, before a Campbell jury, in the Campbell stronghold of Inverary, for the murder of a Campbell. The story of the murder has been, of course, immortalised by Robert Louis Stevenson. Other notable trials which are included are those of the Wainwrights, Cream, Dougal, and Steinie Morrison. I never could agree with the theory, lucidly put forward by Mr. H. L. Adam, that George Chapman, the poisoner, was "Jack the Ripper," though certainly there are some odd coincidences in the dates. Mr. Eric Watson does the best he can with Smith, the villainous brides-in-the-bath murderer, but it is a thankless job to follow in the footsteps of the late William Bolitho, whose description of this case is one of the classic pieces of writing of this century.

I cannot help thinking that Mr. Watson would have been wiser if he had tackled some other case. The last essay in this admirable book is a perfect illustration of the justice of the shrill yelp of complaint which I launched on this page a fortnight ago. Lawyers declaim passionately about the folly of amateurs who butt into law courts, while they themselves think nothing of butting, as amateurs, into literature. I am sure that Mrs. Helena Normanton is a splendid barrister, but as a writer of the King's English she is really deplorable. Her study of the celebrated Rouse case loses a lot of its value through this amateurish presentation.

ALTHOUGH I am not a detective-fan, nevertheless, as a conscientious reviewer, I feel bound to read a thriller every now and then so as to keep abreast of the times. This week I read *Homicide Haven* (Collins; 7*s*. 6*d*.), by Mr. J. V. Turner, and somehow or other I found myself enjoying it quite a lot. For one thing, the sleuths were a nice, human set of fellows, with long thirsts for beer, and pleasant senses of humour, and for another the plot is well-contrived. The basic theme is that of Sherlock Holmes's *Resident Patient*, in which one member of a gang of bank-robbers escapes with the swag while the rest are popped into the clink for about fourteen years. The fun begins, of course, when the less fortunate members of the party emerge into the bright light of day once more, and begin to wonder where the swag has got to. My only qualms about this book are that it puts British police methods in a very bad light. Mr. Turner's pleasant beer-drinkers become almost Chicago cops when they get hold of a suspect. I sincerely hope that Mr. Turner is wrong about this. But apart from that, *Homicide Haven* is a good example of its kind, and I have no regrets for the time that I spent in reading it.

A NOVEL that will give a lot of pleasure and no brain-fag is Mr. Warwick Deeping's latest, *Sackcloth into Silk* (Cassell; 7*s*. 6*d*.), for Mr. Deeping does know his job. He is a skilful technician, and in these days that is a very important quality. It is the story of a magnificently matriarchal Jewess and her youngest-born, her Benjamin. They live in the East End of London, but gradually Rebecca fights her way up into affluence, solely for the sake of her beloved. After a war interlude, in which, rather surprisingly, young Karl enlists — East End Jews did not exactly tumble over each other in their desire to get at the Hun—the lad blossoms out into a successful dramatist. This book can be warmly recommended for its excellent twin merits—of arousing your interest and of keeping it.

How doth the goodly Guinness glass
Improve each dining hour!
No other drink is in its class
For strength and staying-power.

How cheerfully it seems to grin,
How creamily it flows!
How does that ruby gleam get in?
Ah, Guinness only knows!

You might mistake this for Lewis Carroll or even Isaac Watts,
but

You can't mistake Guinness for anything else, or anything else for Guinness

G.E.461 A

Fastest yet in the King's Cup Race. The "Mew Gull," entered by the Duke of Kent and flown by its designer, Captain Edgar Percival, was sixth at an average speed of nearly 209 miles an hour

Air Race Triumph for Designers: By Charles Ward

The King's Cup

THIS year's race for the King's Cup was notable for the triumph of two designers, F. G. Miles, who produced the first three aircraft, and Frank Halford the first three engines. A popular winner is always satisfactory at a race meeting, and no competitor could have deserved the plaudits of the crowd more than "Tommy" Rose, who piloted the Miles "Falcon" to victory. He is sales manager and chief pilot at Woodley, and has had a considerable influence on the record sales of Miles aircraft during the past year. It was estimated that his speed would be 157½ m.p.h., whereas he averaged over 176 m.p.h., compared with 166 m.p.h. by the pilot of the other "Falcon" competing. Fastest time of the day, and incidentally fastest speed ever achieved in the King's Cup Race, was put up by Capt. Edgar Percival, flying a "Mew Gull" of his own design for the Duke of Kent. It seems many years since the fastest machine won the Cup. In 1923, Capt. Frank Courtney won at 149 m.p.h., flying a Siddeley "Siskin." Until this year the winner has only once exceeded that speed — Flight-Lieut. "Dick" Atcherley won in 1929, flying a Gloster "Grebe" at 150 m.p.h. There can be no doubt that the handicap method fails to produce really fast aircraft. In France, and in the U.S.A., races are won at speeds approaching 300 m.p.h., which is due, not to the superiority of foreign aircraft over British, but to the encouragement given to designers by the offer of substantial prizes for speed. No British land-'plane has equalled the speed put up by Sir Malcolm Campbell in his car. There are rumours that next year's race will take place on a formula, but a very early decision is necessary if manufacturers are to be ready in time.

Overheard on the Tarmac

ALL competitors in the final finished the course, twenty-seven minutes separating the winner from the last 'plane home. Every finalist but one used a Gipsy engine, and there were no cases of engine failure, which must have pleased Major Frank Halford considerably. The T.K.2, designed by the students of the De Havilland Technical School and flown by Capt. Broad, averaged nearly 166 m.p.h. with 174 on the last lap. Its performance must be considered extremely good with a Gipsy Major of 130 horse power. Both of the "Hawk" Trainers, taking second and third places, were most consistent in their speeds, each averaging one hundred and fifty-seven and a fraction. The Siddeley Trophy was won by Mr. C. E. Gardner flying a "Gull Six" at an average speed of 170. He represented the Redhill Flying Club, which is one of the youngest in point of seniority but one of the most progressive clubs in the country. Quite a number of the entries used retractable under-carriages, but apart from this device few modern features were to be noted.

At the End of the Flying Season

THERE are still a few out-door events on the calendar—the annual race from London to Cardiff on Saturday next, the 21st, and the race round the Isle of Wight on Saturday week. Also on Saturday next there will be an official opening of the South Coast Flying Club at Shoreham. Members of the Brooklands and Sywell Clubs are flying to Lympne for lunch, after which a complete formation will take off for Shoreham, there to be received by the Mayors of Brighton, Hove, Worthing and their Corporations. It is expected that Sir Harry Preston will be on the tarmac, and will take the chair at the celebration to be held in the evening. There is an Aircraft Exhibition in Milan between October 12th and 28th for those so minded; and, incidentally, it is no longer necessary for aircraft flying to Italy to land at the nearest airport for Customs. They may proceed to their destination to complete formalities. The Hall-Caine aerodrome, referred to on this page some weeks ago, has been elevated to a place in a Notice to Airmen. It is 2¼ miles from Ramsey, I.O.M., in a westerly direction, and can be used by anyone applying for previous authority from the owners. M. Mignet has decreed a return to simplicity with his "Flea," and judging by the interest his tour of England has created, there should be plenty of recruits for the cheaper flying movement. About a dozen of these single-seaters have flown or are ready to take the air as soon as their engines arrive. The Scott, of 34 h.p., named the "Flying Squirrel," has been designed specially for the "Flea," and results will be watched with great interest.

The winning smile! Flight-Lieut. "Tommy" Rose, who piloted Lady Wakefield's entry, a Miles "Falcon," into first place for the King's Cup. The 'plane was a standard owner-pilot's type, but fitted with a 200-h.p. Gipsy Six for the race

Surveying the World

YET another air survey has been equipped with British aircraft, this time the Dragon "Rapide," three of which are being flown to New Guinea to take photographs over an area of 40,000 square miles in the search for oil. The company responsible is Dutch, one of the pilots being Capt. Koppen, and the other two British, G. M. Cox and "Eddie" Fulford, from the De Havilland School at Hatfield. The machines have been very completely equipped for their job, and one of them is fitted with the P.B. automatic pilot, a British invention recently acquired by the Royal Dutch Airlines for sale in Holland. Features of this control are extreme simplicity, very light weight, and low price.

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

LADY MARGUERITE STRICKLAND

says "A good cocktail *must* be made with Gordon's Gin"

THE HEART OF A GOOD COCKTAIL

NO COLOURING MATTER

TANQUERAY GORDON & COMPANY LTD., DISTILLERS, LONDON

Clubs Without Quarters

(Continued from page 459)

Earl of Dalkeith

selected to play for the opposing team may do so.

Members playing in Zingaric matches are earnestly requested to abstain from wearing any coloured shirt, jacket or trousers, and bowlers are requested not to rub their hips, hats, caps, etc., when a ball accidentally passes near a wicket. The motto of the club is briefly, "Keep your promise, keep your temper; and keep your wicket up."

THE Governor of the I Zingari is Lord Dartmouth, as I have said. He has complete powers to do anything he likes. He is now over eighty, but his sense of humour is as young as ever. He has been a president of the M.C.C. He lives near Wolverhampton, enjoys making speeches—and they are always very good ones; he also likes to compose verse. He has a long upper lip and a wide smile, feels very strongly about the correct hue of the cricket colours of members of the I Zingari, and insists on having Press cuttings of every I Zingari match sent to him personally to read and file away. His son, Lord Lewisham, is the Lord Great Chamberlain, and has also been president of the M.C.C.

The official I Zingari matches this year were thirty in number. Their opponents included public schools, the House of Lords, the House of Commons, Oxford colleges, Cambridge colleges, Woolwich, Sandhurst, and military teams.

THE list of members bristles with celebrities, like Lord Hawke, whose name is a household word, and Sir F. E. Lacey, who was the secretary of the M.C.C. before Mr. Findlay. He was a forcing bat, but now lives in the country. Lieut.-Colonel Boyd-Rochfort, brother of the trainer, is an active member. He is tall and fair and works on the Stock Exchange; George Kemp-Welch, now the son-in-law of Mr. Baldwin and twin of Peter, who was married quite recently, is a product of Charterhouse and Cambridge. Cosmo Crawley wears a Brigade of Guards moustache but is in insurance. Major Macrae is a real non-bender of the old school and enjoys putting a batsman on to bowl sometimes. Brigadier Willie Clark is back from India and has just had his appendix out. There is N. C. Tufnell, one of the many Etonian Tufnells. He captained Eton. A Fusilier in Colonel Jock Hartley. A. V. Hambro has typically country-house cricket in Dorset. J. C. Masterman is a tutor at the House and plays cricket, hockey, squash racquets, and what have you.

Duke of Beaufort

W. H. PATTERSON lives in Queen's Gate Gardens, is an auditor of the M.C.C. and is now president of the Kent Cricket Club. R. S. G. Scott has a nice ground at Pelsham, in Sussex. His father, who died recently, was always entertaining touring teams at the beginning of the season. Ronnie Fox, who trades in champagne, has had white hair ever since anyone can remember. T. H. P. Beeching is an Old Carthusian, and used to be a strong bat when I knew him. Ronnie Aird is assistant secretary to the M.C.C. He is dark and gay, although he is the auditor of I Zingari. Hampshire is his county. Tom Ebden lives at Chislehurst and arranges matches between the club and the West Kent C.C. He is in the wine business, as his round, cheerful face suggests, and is an excellent raconteur. Sir Arthur Hazlerigg lives at Nosley Hall, Leicestershire, and is a typical squire—big and bluff and a great cigar-smoker. He has had several sons at Eton, of whom the eldest captained Cambridge at cricket in 1932 and who now plays squash racquets for the Bachelors. Debrett is fully represented in the list of members. Lord Apsley, the Duke of Beaufort, Lord Curzon, Lord Dalkeith, Lord Eldon, for example, head the list alphabetically.

Mistakes will happen . . .

Miss ——, a local schoolmistress, was ignored by a bull and hurt when crossing Cowslip Meadow last week.

The fête at the Vic[illegible] last Tuesday was unusually well attended

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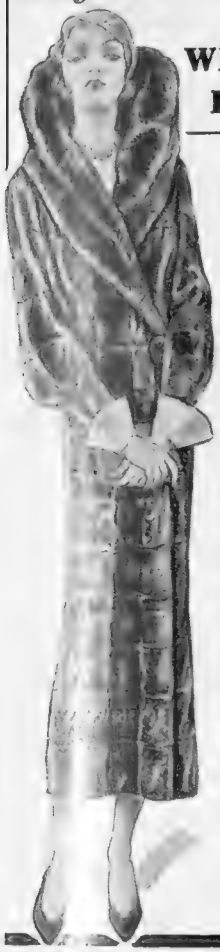

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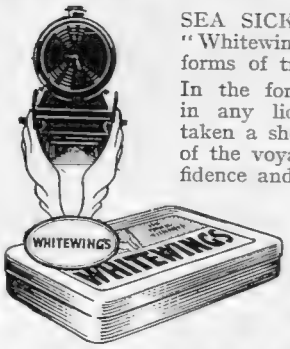

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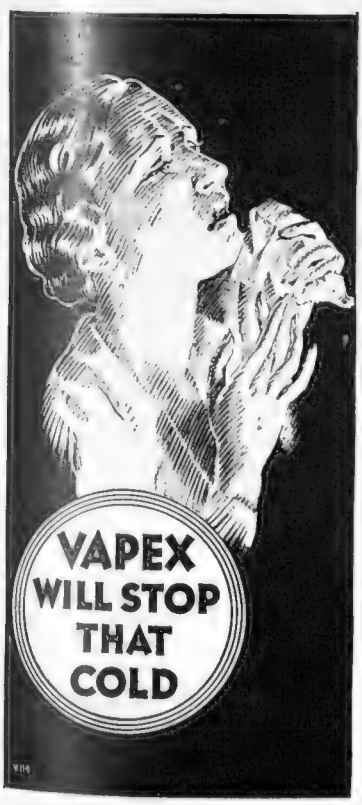
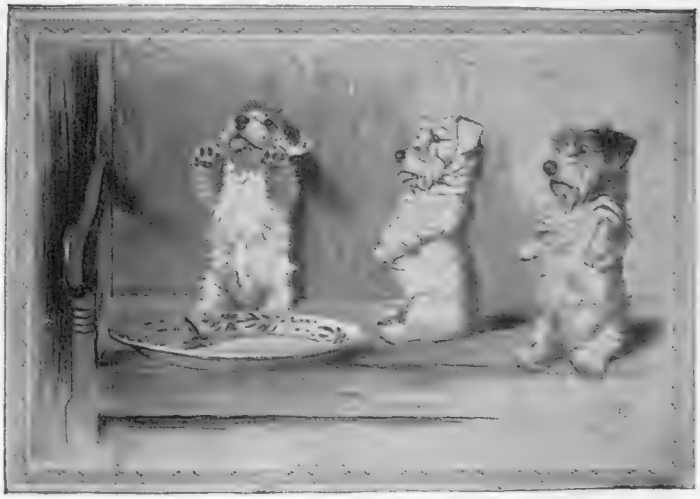


AN INTERESTING STUDY

By the late CECIL ALDIN



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VOLATOL

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Five o'Clock Fatigue

NOTHING destroys a woman's charm so much as a tired face, and yet it is difficult in these times of rush and bustle not to show signs of fatigue by the end of the day. A hundred years ago this would not have mattered. As Dr. Willett Cunnington quotes in his delightful book, *Feminine Attitudes in the 19th Century*, "A good complexion was considered hardly lady-like; an interesting pallor was the mode, implying a romantic disposition." To-day, however, if a friend says, "My dear, how tired you look!" it is merely a polite way of saying how plain you look. There is no need, though, to feel downhearted, as Harriet Hubbard Ayer has created a mask which will banish every sign of fatigue in the space of half an hour, or less.

Just as a cocktail adds new life and vigour to a person, so does Harriet Hubbard Ayer's Strawberry Mask affect the skin. It tones up tired muscles, stimulates a dormant circulation and gently bleaches the skin, inducing a clear, transparent bloom

Dressing for Dinner

DRESSING for dinner is a good moment for using this mask, which takes the form of a Strawberry Cream made from real, plump strawberries. This fruit is rich in tonic properties and well known as a mild, natural astringent and bleach. First of all the skin must be thoroughly cleansed with Luxuria. It will seep deep into the pores and dislodge the numerous particles of dust and dirt, bringing them all to the surface, where they can be wiped away with a tissue. Then spread on Strawberry Cream thickly all over the face and leave it on for as long as possible. During this time every trace of sallowness vanishes, and the muscles are strengthened, making the skin firm and shades lighter. Follow this up with Strawberry Lotion, a delightful skin tonic also made from real strawberry juice. Soak a pad of cotton-wool with it and then pat the face lightly but firmly all over to stimulate the circulation and contract open pores. The deep strawberry tone fades quickly, leaving the skin bright, glowing and clear. Then proceed to make-up. Should the feet feel tired, bathe them with Harriet Hubbard Ayer Eau de Cologne. It is wonderfully refreshing and removes puffiness round the ankles.

The Week-end Beautibox

LUXURIA, Eau de Beauté, Beautifying Face Cream and Powder are all included in the new Beautibox, which only costs 6s. 6d. There is no doubt it will prove a god-send to every woman, as it solves the problem of packing and enables people who have not already tested Harriet Hubbard Ayer's preparations, to do so at a moderate cost. While Luxuria cleanses and nourishes, Eau de Beauté acts as a mild tonic or stimulant. Beautifying Face Cream refines the skin and causes powder to cling smoothly and evenly.

A Correction

In our issue of August 14th, it was stated that samples of Louis Philippe lipstick could be obtained from chemists and hairdressers. This was a mistake, as these ideal lipsticks are not available in this form.

The "Bystander's"

LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES

(14th Year) Ranelagh, October 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th, 1935

and

LADIES' ROEHAMPTON FOURSOMES

(11th Year) Roehampton, October 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th, 1935

By kind invitation of the respective clubs.

RANELAGH: Challenge Cups and replicas to winners, prizes to runners-up and semi-finalists.

ROEHAMPTON: Prizes to winners, runners-up and semi-finalists.

CONDITIONS

Entries, made on the accompanying entrance form, will be received up to Thursday, September 19th, *without limit of number or handicap, and will be acknowledged by postcard. Such acknowledgment does not necessarily mean that the entrants will be entitled to play.*

On September 19th the 128 couples with the lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Ranelagh; playing limit for any couple, 18. The 128 couples with the next lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Roehampton; playing limit for any couple, 30. The remaining couples will be placed in order of their joint handicaps on a waiting list, from which vacancies will be filled. In the case of two or more couples having the same handicap, priority of entry will decide their order.

If more than 256 couples enter, vacancies caused by withdrawals in the Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh will be filled by the lowest handicap couples in the Roehampton Foursomes: vacancies in the Roehampton Foursomes by the lowest handicap couples on the waiting list. Should there be no waiting list, walk-overs will be given to the opponents in whichever tournament the scratching occurs.

Reductions of handicap should be notified at once to Miss E. E. Helme.

Pairs who have reached any BYSTANDER Foursomes final during 1934 or 1935 whether Autumn, Northern, Scottish or Roehampton, will, if entering together, have the option of being put into the Ranelagh draw whatever their handicap, but cannot play on more than the limit of 18. Such entries should be clearly marked *Finalists*, and the entrants *must* state in which tournament they wish to play.

Entries will be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps if they have no L.G.U. handicaps.

Both foursomes will be played as match play tournaments under ⅘ths of the difference in combined handicaps, limited as above. Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes, if any, being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and in the event of the original partner failing, may substitute another up to the time play starts, *if they notify Miss E. E. Helme* of the change.

The Directors of the BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to accept or refuse any entry and to alter or amend any of these conditions. The decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

FORUM CLUB HOSPITALITY

The Forum Club, 6, Grosvenor Place, S.W.1, most generously give Honorary Membership to all competitors during the Autumn Foursomes. As bedroom accommodation is limited, those wishing to avail themselves of this privilege by staying there should apply as soon as possible to the Secretary there. Visitors' tickets for other competitors will be obtainable from BYSTANDER officials at Ranelagh and Roehampton.

THE ANNUAL "BYSTANDER" DINNER

kindly arranged by the Sports Section of the Forum Club, will be held there on Thursday, October 10th. Tickets 5s. 6d. obtainable from the Secretary.

ENTRANCE FORM

Ranelagh and Roehampton, 1935 — No Entrance Fee

To be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, the BYSTANDER Office, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, not later than Thursday, September 19th.

Ladies' Autumn Foursomes—
Ranelagh, October 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th

Roehampton Foursomes—
Roehampton, October 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th

(PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Please enter
Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* .....*Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address.....*Telephone No*.....

To play in whichever of the above Foursomes she is eligible for by handicap with her partner

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of*.....*Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address.....*Telephone No*.....

Any alteration of partner or handicap, change of address or telephone number to be notified at once, please, to Miss Helme at the above address

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON — SEPTEMBER

Name *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

Address .....

.....

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HOW TIMES DO CHANGE: No. 9. Speed.
"A LITTLE SATISFACTION": *by W. H. Williamson.*
"BOOM . . . ?": *by C. Patrick Thompson.*
"ONE—NOT TWO": *by Achmed Abdullah.*
"FUN": *by May Edginton.*
"WHY NOT?": *by H. T. W. Bousfield.*
FOR BLONDES—AND OTHERS. *Jean Harlow talks about Clothes.*
"THE IDEAL HE": *by George Froxfield.*
THE SECOND INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION: *by Joan Woollcombe.*
"BOO-ED TO FORTUNE": *by Hannen Swaffer.*
"THE SALMON": *by R. P. Russ.*
WINTER COLOUR SCHEMES FOR THE HOME: *by Winifred Lewis.*
NEW DECORATIONS FOR YOUR WINDOWS
HUMAN PICTURE GALLERIES: *by George Frederic Lees.*
BOOKS: *Reviewed by Arnold Palmer.*
FASHIONS: *by Jean Burnup.*
ARTIFICIAL SUNSHINE WILL BRIGHTEN YOUR HOME: *some practical hints*
HEALTH AND BEAUTY: *by "Chrysis."*
I'LL TELL YOU ALL I KNOW: *by Mary Young.*
HOW TO BANISH HOUSE DRUDGERY: *some new labour-saving ideas.*
ARCHITECTURAL LAMPS FOR THE HOME: *by R. M. Lester.*
GAME IS IN SEASON: *how to prepare and serve it.*
SOMETHING TASTY FOR TEA: *by A. H. Adair.*
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GETTING MARRIED

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Lenare

Remony Bell

Is engaged to Charles Gerald Stewkley Shuckburgh, elder son of Sir Gerald F. S. Shuckburgh, Bt., of Shuckburgh. She is the only daughter of the late Mr. F. N. Bell, of Buenos Ayres, and of Mrs. Bell, of 41, Orchard Court, Portman Square

Lenare

Diana Woodroffe

Is the younger daughter of Brig.-General C. R. Woodroffe, of North Wells, Bembridge, I.O.W., and the late Mrs. Woodroffe, and is marrying Major J. F. Hare, 60th Rifles, eldest son of Major-General Sir Steuart and Lady Hare

Bertram Park

Ione Greenstock

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Greenstock, of Pilcot, Dogmersfield, Hants. She is marrying William Vaughan Berkley, son of the Rev. Maurice and Mrs. Berkley, of Dormington Vicarage, Hereford, at Dehra Dun, India, in December

Tunbridge

Yvette Paget-Jones

Is marrying Robert Tennant Prince, Baluch Regiment, the son of Lieut.-Col. R. Prince, O.B.E., Military Accountant-General of India, and of Mrs. R. Prince, the Grange, Ash, Somerset. She is the daughter of the late Surgeon-Captain H. Paget-Jones, R.N., and of Mrs. Paget-Jones, of Baron's Court

Yevonde

Patricia Harris

Is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Harris, of 33, Egerton Gardens, S.W.; she is to marry Philip Jessel, the younger son of the late Mr. A. H. Jessel, K.C., and of Mrs. A. H. Jessel, of 6, Gloucester Square, W.2

Lenare

Kathleen Goldie

Is engaged to Aylmer John Noel Paterson, the only son of the Rev. Canon and Mrs. Noel Paterson, of the Rectory, Hartlebury, Worcs. She is the elder daughter of Mr. Noel Goldie, K.C., M.P., and Mrs. Goldie, of 18, Lower Sloane Street, S.W.1

Bassano

Alison Melvill

Is the second daughter of Lieut.-Colonel P. J. Melvill and the late Mrs. Melvill, of Overwealds, Haslemere; she is to marry C. G. F. Pritchett, of 2, Mitre Court, Temple, the elder son of the late Mr. G. E. B. Pritchett, and Mrs. Pritchett

Lafayette

Betty Cooper

Is marrying Kenneth John McIntyre, Royal Tank Corps (Flying Officer, R.A.F.), only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. McIntyre, of Easton in Gordano, Somerset. She is the only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. P. C. Cooper, of Lyndenhurst, Dulwich Village

Fisher—Connor

A group taken after the wedding of William Hugh Trueman Fisher, only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Rowland Fisher, of Waterside, Bourne End, Bucks, and Evelyn Hazel Connor, the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. J. C. Connor. The bride's parents live at Uplands, Hythe, Kent

Langdon — Copsey

Paymaster - Lieut. J. N. Langdon, R.N., and Nancy, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Copsey, of Farlington, Hampshire, were married at Farlington, near Portsmouth. The bridegroom is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Langdon, of Cawsand, Cornwall

Gray — Reid

Andrew Campbell Gray, son of Colonel and Mrs. William Gray, of Craigdhu, Barnhill, Perth, and Beatrice Eva May Reid, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Langland Reid, of Annandale, Woodhaven, Wormit, Fyfe, were married at St. Columba's Church, Pont Street

Combe — Rudkin

Patrick Combe, only son of the late Lieut.-Colonel H. Combe and Mrs. Combe, of Crossways, Hook Heath, Woking, and Kathleen Rudkin, younger daughter of Major and Mrs. H. Rudkin, of Brook House, Compton, were married at Compton Parish Church

Stanwood — Culme-Seymour

Charles Fuller Stanwood, son of Professor and Mrs. Stanwood, of Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine, U.S.A., and Katherine Rosemary Letitia Culme-Seymour, eldest daughter of Lieut.-Commander and Mrs. E. Culme-Seymour, were married at St. Saviour's Church, Bitterne, Southampton

Warren — Porter

George Maxwell Warren, second son of the late Mr. Frederick Warren, of Liverpool, and of Mrs. Warren, of Corsham, Wilts, and Irene Helen Porter were married at Christ Church, Down Street, Mayfair. The bride is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Porter, of Wallasey, Cheshire

Smith — Cumming

Robert Cowell Smith, son of the late Mr. R. Smith, and of Mrs. C. S. Howard Coillin, of Banchory, Kincardineshire, and Gwendoline Cumming, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Cumming, of Kensington Mansions, S.W.5, were married at St. Mary's Church, The Boltons, Kensington

Burchnall — Pinney

Osborne Burchnall, of the Manor House, Aston Flamville, Leicestershire, and Margaret Pinney, elder daughter of Mr. F. W. D. Pinney, of Devereux House, Coleshill, Warwickshire, were married at Christ Church, Chelsea

Robinson — Cullen

Sir Joseph Benjamin Robinson, Bart., M.P. for Wynberg in Union Parliament of South Africa, and Miss Alice Josephine Cullen, of County Meath, were married at the Church of Our Lady of the Assumption and St. Gregory, Warwick Street, W.

Walls — Bibby

Herbert Forrest Walls, A.R.I.B.A., son of Mr. H. Walls, of Westwood, Gayton, Cheshire, and Dorothy Ursula Bibby, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bertram Bibby, of Rock Ferry and White Friars, North Wales, were married at Brompton Oratory

What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

September 18—24

THE THEATRE

Plays

ACCENT ON YOUTH.—A witty original comedy with an old story but a new treatment; Nicholas Hannen as a middle-aged playwright and Greer Garson as his young secretary are excellent; so is the whole cast: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CLOSE QUARTERS.—Fine acting by Flora Robson and Oscar Homolka in this two-charactered drama with a murder foundation: Savoy, 8.45. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE DOMINANT SEX.—Someone 's got to give way in every marriage—Diana Churchill and Richard Bird can't decide who; easy, relevant dialogue and incident make an amusing evening: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE HOUSE OF BORGIA.—Clifford Bax's play about Cesar Borgia, played by Reginald Tate, with Iris Baker as Lucrezia, Russell Thorndike as Alexander: Embassy, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—Carol Coombe is still the delightful heroine of this theatrical gem from China, with Clifford Bartlett as the hero: Little, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LOVE ON THE DOLE.—A play for everyone to see—a stage microcosm of the industrial depression that is moving in its reality and humour; a brilliant performance by Wendy Hiller: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NINA.—Lucie Mannheim, Lydia Sherwood, Hugh Miller and Cecil Parker are in this new German comedy: Criterion, 8.30.

NOAH.—A great impersonation of Noah by John Gielgud; Marjorie Fielding is Mrs. Noah; this English version of Obey's drama has much of the profundity, humour and poetry of the original: New, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

PYGMALION.—Second play of the Macdona Players' Shaw season, with Esmé Percy and Margaret Rawlings, and Barbara Everest and Frank Bertram as guest artists: Cambridge, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SWEET ALOES.—Diana Wynyard's fine acting as the wronged heroine of Jay Mallory's play must be seen again: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TOVARICH.—First-class theatrical value as to story and dialogue, and a fine cast headed by Eugénie Leontovich and Cedric Hardwicke: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE UNGUARDED HOUR.—Strong legal drama attacking dangers of circumstantial evidence. Fine performances by Godfrey Tearle and Malcolm Keen: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—Mackenzie Ward in Robert Harris's part as the young hero of this long-running story of student life in Edinburgh; Celia Johnson plays the heroine: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

YOSHE KALB.—Maurice Schwartz and the Yiddish Art Theatre Company return to London: His Majesty's, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30. To September 21st.

With Music

ANYTHING GOES.—You 'll like Cole Porter's music, Jeanne Aubert's shining effectiveness, Sydney Howard's fooling, and the whole speedy, decorative, amusing show: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GLAMOROUS NIGHT.—Not for the critical sophisticate, but it 's got everything a full-size Ruritanian musical comedy can have, including Mary Ellis and Ivor Novello: Drury Lane, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 65.—Meggie Eaton and Doris Barry, soubrettes; Eddie Kelland sings and dances, Eric Woodburn sings, and Eric Barker and Milne and West do funny stuff: Windmill, 1.20-11.30, non-stop.

STOP . . . Go!—Charlot's new lucky dip, with Dorothy Ward, Douglas Byng, Mary Brian, and some good chorus ensembles as the best dips: Vaudeville, 8.30. Mon., Sat., 2.30.

1066 AND ALL THAT.—The most original revue in London; history burlesqued into fits of laughter; and the cast obviously enjoy themselves: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

TULIP TIME.—Twice nightly comedy with music. George Gee, Steve Geray, Jean Colin, and Sydney Fairbrother in unsophisticated humour and colourful scenes: Alhambra, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

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Mirth and Mystery

AS BAD AS I AM.—Pamela Stanley somehow gets away with the unscrupulous little heroine of this farce; it 's the lightest of entertainments: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

FULL HOUSE.—Ivor Novello's farcical comedy makes some people laugh; Lilian Braithwaite carries off a foolish part with her customary brilliance: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Don't go if you 're nervous—Emlyn Williams acts the young murderer too well; there 's humour as well as horror in this excellent play: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROUND ABOUT REGENT STREET.—A new nonsense in Crazy Month style, with Nervo and Knox, Naughton and Gold, Flanagan and Allen, and a good variety programme: Palladium, 6.30, 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

SOMEONE AT THE DOOR.—This mixture of farce and crime is the greatest success for a lowbrow evening; Henry Kendall and Nancy O'Neil are in it: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS.—It 's a well-acted play about a wife-poisoner—Leslie Banks; Louise Hampton, Elena Miramova, and Joan Maude as wives past, present, to come: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

VINTAGE WINE.—Seymour Hicks has revived this comedy; Julia Neilson and Ursula Jeans are in it, too: Victoria Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

PLEASE, TEACHER!—Musical comedy with a girls' school setting; Sepha Treble is a girl, Bobbie Howes an intruding young man, and Vera Pearce and Bertha Belmore are in it: Hippodrome, September 19th.

PEER GYNT.—Vivienne Bennett, Ion Swinley, William Devlin, and the rest of the Old Vic company are in this production of Ibsen's play, with Grieg's music: Old Vic, September 23rd, 7.45.

CINEMAS

THE BLACK ROOM.—Boris Karloff in yet another horrifier: London Pavilion.

CHINA SEAS.—Clark Gable, Wallace Beery, and Jean Harlow are a grand team in this Eastern melodrama—lots of rough stuff and stormy weather: Empire.

THE CRUSADES.—Spectacularly superb, historically absurd; this de Mille production is good screen value, and Herbert Wilcoxon, Loretta Young, Ian Keith and Katherine de Mille all look their parts: Carlton.

ESCAPE ME NEVER.—Another Bergner revival is a welcome one: Marble Arch Pavilion.

GENTLEMEN OF THE NAVY.—Handsome sailors and lovely girls—Guy Standing, Richard Cromwell, and Rosalind Keith are the chief ones: Plaza.

LITTLE COLONEL.—Little Shirley Temple has a granddaughter rôle this time, with Lionel Barrymore as her crusty, soft-hearted grandfather: Regal.

ON WINGS OF SONG.—Grace Moore's second film has lots of singing, some story and good acting; Leo Carrillo, Robert Allen and Michael Bartlett, the tenor, are her three squires: Tivoli.

PEG OF OLD DRURY.—Anna Neagle as Peg Woffington, and Cedric Hardwicke as Garrick, both act brilliantly; the production and setting are excellent; a film to see: Leicester Square.

THE SCOUNDREL.—Noel Coward's film, in which Julie Haydon 's the attractive heroine, is amusing and original: Curzon. MUSIC IN THE BLOOD from September 24th.

STORMY WEATHER.—Tom Walls and Ralph Lynn are together again, with Yvonne Arnaud; the story is Ben Travers': New Gallery.

THE 39 STEPS.—This Buchan-Hitchcock thriller is back in the West End; it 's good and so are Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll: Capitol.

DER TRAUMENDE MUND.—One of Elisabeth Bergner's loveliest performances can be seen again. Also CES MESSIEURS DE LA SANTÉ, with Raimu: Academy.

OPERA AND BALLET

GRAND OPERA FESTIVAL.—With Sir Thomas Beecham as artistic director and the London Philharmonic Orchestra, at Covent Garden, for two weeks:

KOANGA.—First performance of Delius's opera: September 23rd, 8.30.

SIEGFRIED: September 24th, 7.30.

BALLETS DE LÉON WOIZIKOVSKY.—The repertoire includes SYLPHIDES, PETROUCHKA, CARNAVAL, PRINCE IGOR, L'AMOUR SORCIER; the dancers, besides Woizikovsky, include Tarakanova, Chanova, Blinova, Eglevsky: Coliseum, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CONCERTS

Orchestral

PROMENADE CONCERTS.—Sir Henry Wood conducting the B.B.C. Orchestra: Queen's Hall, 8.

TO-NIGHT: Brahms' concert includes Haydn Variations, Symphony No. 1, Concerto in A minor for Violin, Violoncello and Orchestra (Adolph and Hermann Busch).

SEPTEMBER 19TH: Russian concert includes Prokofiev's Piano Concerto No. 3 (Helen Perkin), Shostakovitch's Symphony No. 1.

SEPTEMBER 20TH: Beethoven Concert, including the Fifth Symphony and Violin Concerto in D (Eda Kersey).

SEPTEMBER 21ST: Saturday programme; Haydn's Symphony No. 94, Rachmaninov's Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini (Moisewitsch), Smyth, Moussorgsky, de Falla.

SEPTEMBER 23RD: Wagner Concert, with Mary Jarred, Heddle Nash, and Norman Allin as singers.

SEPTEMBER 24TH: Mozart Concert; Symphonia Concertante in E flat for Violin, Viola and Orchestra, Piano Concerto No. 23, Symphony No. 1; violin, Jean Pougnet, viola, William Primrose; piano, Myra Hess.

Recital

LAMOND.—Chopin Recital: Wigmore Hall, September 21st, 3.

EXHIBITIONS

SUMMER EXHIBITION OF OILS AND WATER-COLOURS.—John, Nash, Gill, Sickert, etc.: Redfern Gallery, Old Bond Street.

MODERN PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITURE: Royal Institute Galleries, Piccadilly.

DANCING AND DINING

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Elisabeth Welch, the coloured singer, entertains; Jack Harris and his famous band play; you can dance without dressing on the balcony: extension, Wednesday.

DORCHESTER.—Reopening night of the Midnight Follies—the Hollywood Girls—on September 19th; Jack Jackson's band supplies excellent dance music: extension, Thursday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—Harriet Hutchins, impersonator, and Van Dock, cartoonist, provide cabaret, and Syd Lipton the dance music: extension, Thursday.

LANSDOWNE HOUSE.—There 's a good band, and you can dance in any clothes; no cabaret.

NEW CLARGES RESTAURANT.—Here you eat and talk—there 's no music or dancing; the food and wines are good, and fish dishes are a speciality.

PRUNIER'S.—This is the place in the oyster season, and for all fish foods; the atmosphere is informal, and there 's no music.

QUAGLINO'S.—Walsh and Barker, the two Americans whom London seems to love, are here again; Van Straten's band plays; evening dress is optional "downstairs": extension, Wednesday.

SAN MARCO.—Mantovani's band is one of London's most attractive—and quiet; one must dress to dance: extension, Wednesday.

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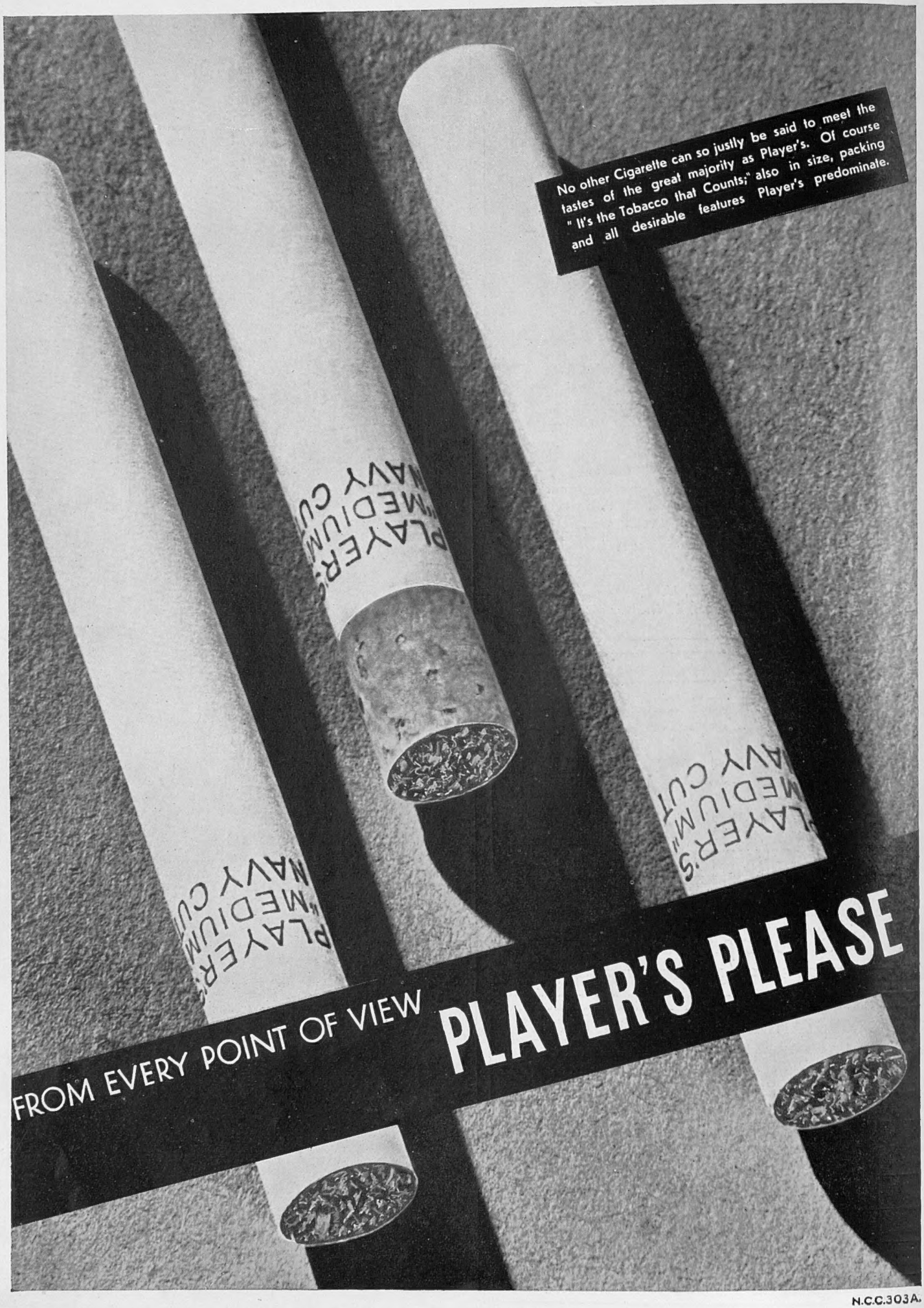
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